Sept. 6. 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—St. John Ervine's pleasant retelling of the old story of the witty wife whose errant husband comes back. Immeasurably aided by the presence of Grace George and A. E. Matthews. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Easily the most unusual and satisfying play of the past season. An all-Negro cast in a naïve account of the Old Testament. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Return engagement (with a new cast) of R. C. Sherriff's play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LADIES ALL—An ardent seeker discovers perfect love, but has to find who provided it. With Violet Heming and Walter Woolf. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE LAST MILE—A finely wrought, but harrowing, account of an attempted jailbreak, with death on the loose. (Harris, 42, W.)

LYSISTRATA—A fine production of Aristophanes' comedy of sex life among the Greeks, which ought to amuse everyone who believes in laughing out loud instead of leering. The cast includes Blanche Yurka and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE NINTH GUEST—A party of people in a penthouse dying off like flies through some unseen agency. Not in the least convincing, but occasionally diverting. William Courtleigh, Thais Lawton, Berton Churchill, and Allan Dinehart are among the casualties. (Eltinge, 42, W.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Real light comedy and worth seeing. Don't think it's salacious simply because a young girl is almost seduced. It is very, very clean. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

TOPAZE—Frank Morgan vastly aiding a translation from the French about a school teacher who overcomes an inferiority complex. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

TORCH SONG—The slightly-used idea that religious ecstasy and sex go hand in hand, employed this time in an effective story about a cabaret singer who goes Salvation Army—and then repents. An excellent cast, with Mayo Methot as the girl. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Very dirty, but often very funny thanks to Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly. The girls seem to be exceptionally good-looking. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr making a good show into a grand one. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Some more smart sketches and pleasant songs by the young people whom the Theatre Guild let use its theatre. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Harriet Hoctor and Frank Fay will be at the Palace Fri., Sept. 5. (Palace, B'way at 47, 2:30 and 8.20 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

INSULT—A play from the Dutch of Jan Fabricus, with Leslie Perrins of the original London cast. Opens Sat., Sept. 6. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:50 P.M.)

THE LONG ROAD—A new play by Hugh Stange, with Otto Kruger. Opens Tues., Sept. 9. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:50 P.M.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—A comedy by and with Frank Craven. Opens Thurs., Sept. 11. (John Golden, 58, E. 8:50 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW—Sketches by Marc Connelly, Robert E. Sherwood, Corey Ford, and others; words and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. With Al Trahan. (Royale, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THAT'S THE WOMAN—A new play by Bayard Veiller, with A. E. Anson, Phoebe Foster, and Lucile Watson. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:40 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing; pleasant and Park Avenue.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO, (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and supper in a handsome Joseph Urban setting, cooled by Park breezes. Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—For dancing after the theatre. Rosita and Urban setting, cooled by Park Breezes. Leo man's orchestra.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music in a blue-and-gold setting during dinner and supper. New dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), dinner dancing in a Persian pavilion; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . With a fine view of the harbor: Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100); and St. George Roof, Clark St., Brooklyn (Main 10000). . . . Other aerial places: Astor Roof, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34; Park Central Roof, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Not high up, but cool nevertheless: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the few after-theatre places of this type still open are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and not for débutantes; and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with a noisy Broadway crowd, no cover charge, and an elaborate revue (also open for dinner).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Outdoor dining and dancing.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—A big open-air restaurant, with Ted Fiorito's orchestra. Revue at 9 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I.—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

RICHARDS', Bronx River P'kway, Tuckahoe, N.Y.—A nice place to dance; Rodney Lambert's orchestra.

SHOW PLACE, Merrick Road, Lynbrook, L. I.—Where you will find Texas Guinan. Show at 8:30 and midnight. Go late.

NOTES—For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I., recommended for exquisite cuisine; expensive. . . , For Coney Island sea-food dinners: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; or Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—The familiar legend picturesquely presented, with a first-rate

(Continued on page 8)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 6)

performance by Walter Huston. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The Marx Brothers full blast on a Long Island houseparty. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

THE BIG HOUSE—The best of the prison pictures; well recorded, but with a weak story. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—In spite of a tedious story, this is by far the best picture of aviation in the war. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MOBY DICK—John Barrymore, and some fine whaling scenes. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MONTE CARLO—A light and bright musical skit with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan, sauced and seasoned by Ernst Lubitsch. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—George Arliss as a splendid old scamp of an octogenarian. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "All Quiet on the Western Front," life in the trenches, from Remarque's great novel; "Journey's End," a fine picture of the play, with Colin Clive; "Raffles," Ronald Colman mixing crime and cricket in an adaptation of the Hornung story; "Romance," the lovely Greta Garbo in the prewar drama of the opera singer and the clergyman.

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group—Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CONTRASTS—Some Derain, Utrillo, Braque, etc., set up for the summer, along with Bruce and Sterne for contrast: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of the past season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5th Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Monet, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

UTRILLO—Also Chirico, Segonzac, and various other contemporary French: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 3 P.M.

ON THE AIR

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—Contralto soloist, with orchestra: Sun. Eve., Sept. 7, at 8, over WJZ.

JAMES MELTON—Tenor soloist, in Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Sept. 7, at 9.15, over WEAF.

LEWIS JAMES—Tenor soloist, Frank Black conducting orchestra, in General Motors Hour: Mon. Eve., Sept. 8, at 9:30, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—White conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Sept. 8, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Sept. 9, at 9:30, over WABC.

POLLY WALKER—Musical-comedy star, with Shilkret conducting orchestra, in RCA Hour: Thurs. Eve., Sept. 11, at 10, over WEAF.

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SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri., Sept. 5, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 6, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Sun., Sept. 7, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. St. Louis, Tues. through Fri., Sept. 9-12, at 3:20 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., Sept. 13, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Al Singer vs. Jimmie McLarnin: Yankee Stadium, Thurs. Eve., Sept. 11; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

DOG SHOWS—Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, N.J., Fri., Sept. 12. . . . Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Sat., Sept. 13.

GOLF—P.G.A. Tournament, Fresh Meadow C.C., Flushing, L.I., Mon. through Sat., Sept. 8-13.

HORSE SHOWS—Mineola Horse Show, Mineola, L.I., Wed. through Fri., Sept. 10-12. . . . Far Hills Horse Show, Far Hills, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 12 and 13.

HUNT RACES—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Sat. Aft., Sept. 13.

POLO—International Matches: U.S. vs. Great Britain, for the Westchester Cup, International Field, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Sat., Wed., and Sat. Afts., Sept. 6, 10, and 13, at 4. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 1 to 2:50 P.M.)

RACING—Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—Men's National Singles Tournament, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I. Play Sat. Aft., Sept. 6, at 2:30, and Mon. through Sat. Afts., Sept. 8-13, at 2:30. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 1:33 and 2:07 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: City Island Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Sept. 6; Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Sept. 13. . . . America's Cup Races: U.S. vs. Great Britain, off Newport, R.I., start Sat., Sept. 13.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

BOXING—Jack Sharkey vs. Victorio Campolo, heavyweights, Yankee Stadium, Sept. 25.

DOG SHOW—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Sept. 20.

FOOTBALL—First games of season—Sept. 27: Yale vs. Maine, New Haven; Columbia vs. Middlebury, Baker Field; N.Y.U. vs. Hobart, Ohio Field; Fordham vs. Baltimore, Fordham Field; C.C.N.Y. vs. Long Island University, Lewisohn Stadium. . . . Oct. 4: Yale vs. Maryland, New Haven; Princeton vs. Amherst, Princeton; Harvard vs. Vermont, Cambridge; Columbia vs. Union, Baker Field; N.Y.U. vs. West Va. Wesleyan, Yankee Stadium. . . . Oct. 11: Yale vs. Georgia, New Haven; Princeton vs. Brown, Princeton.

GOLF—National Amateur, Merion C. C. (East Course), Ardmore, Pa., Sept. 22-27. . . . Women's National, Los Angeles C.C., Calif., Oct. 13-18.

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore Horse Show, Smithtown, L.I., Sept. 19 and 20. . . . Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 20. . . . Piping Rock, Locust Valley, L.I., Oct. 2-4.

HUNT RACES—Meadow Brook Steeplechase Assoc., Westbury, L.I., Sept. 27. . . . Westchester-Biltmore Steeplechase Assoc., Rye, N.Y., Oct. 1 and 4. . . . Ensign Sweepstakes, Mount Kisco, N.Y., Oct. 11.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Kleiber conducting, Carnegie Hall, season opens Oct. 2. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Carnegie Hall, Oct. 21. . . . Metropolitan Opera season opens Oct. 27.

RACING—Belmont Park, through Sept. 17. . . . Aqueduct, Sept. 18-Oct. 4. . . . Jamaica, Oct. 6-22.

THEATRE OPENINGS—(Dates uncertain)—"Symphony in Two Flats," a comedy by and with Ivor Novello: Ambassador, Sept. 15. . . . "Luana," musical version of "The Bird of Paradise," music by Friml: Hammerstein, Sept. 16. . . . "Once in a Lifetime," by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, with Hugh O'Connell: Music Box, Sept. 22. . . . "Stepdaughters of War," Kenyon Nicholson's adaptation of Helen Z. Smith's novel, with Katherine Alexander: Empire, Sept. 22. . . . "Fine and Dandy," the new Joe Cook show: Erlanger, Sept. 22. . . . "The Greeks Had a Word for It," a new play by Zoë Akins, with Muriel Kirkland and Martha Lorber: Harris, Sept. 22. . . . "Uncle Vanya," return engagement for two weeks of Jed Harris' Chekhov revival, with Lillian Gish: National, Sept. 22. . . . "One, Two, Three," a Molnar comedy, with Arthur Byron: Henry Miller, Sept. 29. . . . "Mrs. Moonlight," Benn W. Levy's play, with Haidee Wright and Edith Barrett: Charles Hopkins, Sept. 29. . . . "Mr. Gilhooley," a dramatization of Liam O'Flaherty's novel, with Helen Hayes and Arthur Sinclair: Morosco, Sept. 30. . . . "Hello, Paris," a musical comedy, with Chic Sale: 46th Street, Oct. 6. . . . "Smiles," a musical comedy by McGuire, Bromfield, and Youmans, with Marilyn Miller, and Fred and Adele Astaire: Ziegfeld, Oct. 7.

YACHTING—America's Cup Races, off Newport, R.I., starting Sept. 13, will continue through the week of Sept. 15. . . . Last weekend regattas on Long Island Sound: Indian Harbor Y.C., Sept. 20; Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sept. 28.

OTHER DATES—Quarterly income-tax payments are due Sept. 15. . . . Radio World's Fair, Madison Square Garden, Sept. 22-27. . . . Daylight Saving ends 2 A.M., Sun., Sept. 28.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have just received, and we suppose you have too, a blue booklet from the New York Telephone Company, entitled "The Modified Plan for Designating Telephone Central Offices." This plan doesn't go into effect until December, so we will all have plenty of time to rest up and get in shape for it. It really is quite simple, or should be. For example, if a number appears under the new system as WO rth 2-7324, it will be dialed W-O-2—7-3-2-4. By this change, one loses a letter and gains a numeral—in this particular case by substituting a "2" for an "R." Personally, we prefer letters to numerals, as being a little less mechanistic, but

it's a mechanistic world and we might as well get used to it. We think, however, that the phone company has made one grave mistake in its booklet of instructions. This is where it says: "In calling by voice, the number will be given to the operator as 'Worth-two (pause) seven-three—two-four.'" A lot of sticklers for accuracy and subscribers who are not very quick mentally are going to say the word "pause" instead of merely pausing. Since "pause" sounds a little like "four," the effect in the case in question will be: "Worth-two-four-seven-three-two-four." It's going to be very difficult to stamp out the misunderstanding and confusion that will result, but we're not going to worry about it. Not for three whole months yet.

WE used to pride ourself on being able to tell a New Yorker in the streets when we saw one. Lately, we have doubted our ability. Some types, yes—the latterday version of the Van Bibber type, for example, is fairly easy to spot, even though his pattern has

been diluted by thirty years of Western prosperity and emulation. Van Bibber himself, grown old, we can detect. But by and large we are often puzzled to tell a New York native at sight. The other day we asked the puller-in for a sightseeing bus how *he* told New Yorkers from visitors—thinking he would know them at a glance because his living depended on it. "How do I tell a New Yorker?" he said. "You can't." Then he tried to get us to ride in his bus.

ORDINARILY we stay out of hospitals, but we went as a visitor the other afternoon and made one important discovery: The nurses in city hospitals are graded, from month to month, according to personal habits and characteristics. The head nurse turns in a report card about them. Among the points on which they are marked are Dignity, Imagination, Professional Attitude, and Sense of Humor. These seemed to us dangerous traits to encourage in nurses. The nurses that we have encountered, here

and there, have all had a marvellous sense of humor, extending to a subtle appreciation of our own ridiculous plight; one and all they have been struck by the odd fact of our being on our back, helpless; and secretly, such was their sense of humor, they have regarded it as the most comical thing in the world. Nice girls, too, most of them. Our ideal nurse would be one with not the vestige of humor, and practically no imagination. She could get F-minus in Dignity, too, and it wouldn't break our heart.

THE volume of beauty-preparation ads seems to increase monthly. They make good reading. The burden of the advertising is that to attract a suitor or hold a husband a woman must be beautiful beyond words. To get that way, the ads prescribe certain appliances, manipulations, unguents, inventions, treatments, and rituals.

Our idle reflection is that a lady using any or all of the preparations would be virtually unapproachable after six o'clock in the evening; yet if her husband had any kind of job at all, he'd only just be getting home by that time. The idea, in short, doesn't seem to make sense; but, come to think of it, neither do the ladies.

THERE is a flaw, big enough to drive a tri-motored airplane through, in Mayor Walker's plan to rid the city of graft. He implores people to come to him with their complaints, instead of taking them to neighbors and outsiders. This, he proclaims, is the way to get action. The flaw is, of course, that (even assuming you were lucky enough to find Mayor Walker at the City Hall) the public doesn't want action. Life being so humdrum,

"Now listen: if anyone says to you, 'How d'ja like the camp?' you say 'Fine.'"

• •

it wants a good deplorable situation to talk about, to neighbors and outsiders, at the beach, in the club and the home, on trains. That is the nature of the American citizen. Does he go around praising Hoover's administration for being cleaner than Harding's? No. He secretly scoffs at it for being duller. The inhabitants of any commonwealth must have something infamous to talk about. If, tomorrow, corruption in the city courts and departments could be brought to an end by going down to the City Hall and filing complaints with the Mayor, not one citizen out of a thousand would budge. Those who did go down would probably complain merely that they were becoming bored. Not an end of graft, but bigger and more exciting graft is what the people want.

Warrior

IT'S probably no good trying to end wars by picturing their horrors on the stage and in the movies. A lady we know is convinced of this. A young man who works in a garage was giving her a driving lesson on the edge of town. "Have you seen 'All Quiet on the Western Front'?" he asked her, to make conversation. She said she had. A wistful look came over his face. "It's a swell show," he said. "I'd like to get into a war like that."

Tric Trac, Clic Clac

BACKGAMMON is very generally played now, having widely invaded the home. The shopowners are selling sets by the hundreds, yea thousands, including fancy ones at prices of up to five hundred or a thousand dollars. Saks-Fifth Avenue have opened a special department, or salon, devoted to the game, with Mr. Grosvenor Nicholas in charge. Mr. Grosvenor Nicholas is the author of a book on the subject, "Modern Backgammon," a kind of Milton Work in his field. The sale of bridge paraphernalia has been seriously affected, a situation which may bring mild ironic smiles to a few old-line players who have stuck with the game through most half a century and can remember when the rise of card-playing did backgammon in.

We have heard much debate on whether backgammon is basically a game of skill. Mr. Nicholas says it is, ranking about with contract—about as much skill required, about as little depending on luck, in the long run. One afternoon at the Racquet Club he won thirty-five games in a row, against a variety of players, so there must be much in what he says.

The Egyptians played backgammon generally and so did various peoples of history right down to a big fraction of the New York clubmen of the last century. Then came the popularity of various card games, and backgammon went into obscurity, existing for most of the present generation as markings on old checkerboards to which no at-

tention was paid. A few years ago the game showed signs of reviving. The boom stock market seems to have been largely responsible. The lately mown crop of financial wizards were wont to wager on it of an afternoon while idling around the ticker at their brokers' offices, when a thousand dollars didn't mean as much to them as it does now. Also the fact that the boards and sets are decorative, and fit in well around a living-room or porch, was a factor. Also, they say the innovation of "doubling" was important. This, according to one story, was thought of by the Grand Duke Dmitri, who lives in Paris, where backgammon is called "tric trac," and who has been playing it for years. Under the doubling practice, either player, at any stage of the game, when he thinks he has the best of it, can say "I double," and if doubled back that can go on indefinitely. Do this often enough and the stakes, under the pernicious influence of geometric progression, mount up. For instance, a couple of stubborn gentlemen, new at the game, got to doubling each other in the University Club one day, lost track of where they were at, and when they paused to make calculations found their pot had run up to one million six hundred thousand dollars. By mutual agreement they called the contest off.

Another dodge which adds gaiety to the game is called "chouette." It's from France and means that onlookers can place bets on the outcome of a match, thus putting kibitzing on a sporting basis, and dragging in a roomful of people. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt had a horse called Chouette who won a race at Belmont last season. Mr. Charles Amory has named a colt Backgammon. Mrs. Henry A. Curtis has a giant backgammon board painted on the porch of her house at Southampton. Distinguished devotees of the game include John W. Davis, the Guernsey Currans, Mrs. Charles Sabin, Mrs. Randolph Hearst, and Edsel Ford. Shows what the situation is. Just one more thing this week: tric trac is not clic clac, which is another old French game. We won't go into that now.

End of a Friendship

WAGS, and a certain type of resourceful person, will, you know, sometimes pretend to be phoning someone when they're really not. They hold the hook down with their finger while the receiver is at their ear. A special peril is inherent in this stunt. We hadn't thought of it until we heard what happened to a man in Roslyn the other evening. After dinner he had been earnestly importuned to stay all night. He didn't want to by any means, but he finally said he would if everything was all right at his house. So he called his home—keeping his finger on the hook. He did very well at feigning surprise and disappointment, for his host and hostess' benefit. "Well, have you called a veterinary?" he asked in a loud tone. "What, you can't get one? Well, if it's that bad I'll come home right away. I was going to stay here but—" At this point the phone rang.

Strange Fruit

JOE COOK, the comedian, has added another feature to his golf course, which we described once. At the first tee he has set out a golf-ball tree which is bearing fruit this summer. Most of the balls are still green but some have ripened into whiteness and a few have fallen off on the ground.

Foiled

MR. JAMES A. BURDEN, whose vine-clad home at Syosset, you will recall, was the residence of the Prince of Wales when he was here, had trouble in this house this summer, with sparrows. They got in the ivy and twittered, apparently by the thousands. They were especially annoying just after daybreak when people were trying hard to sleep. They got terribly on Mr. Burden's nerves and he decided to do something about it. He couldn't find anyone in this country who knew what to do so he sent to England and hired eight professional sparrow-catchers. Professional sparrow-catchers, if you don't know, use a net to catch sparrows, trapping them at night while they sleep. The eight sparrow-catchers arrived here in due course and showed up at Syosset with vanloads of ladders, ropes, pulleys—and their net. The net was a marvellous one. They brought it over in parts and assembled it here. They spent several days doing it, clambering around on the ridgepoles of Mr. Burden's house. Finally, one evening, they announced they were ready. The household was dispatched to the city for the night. As darkness fell the sparrow-catchers lowered their net, a mammoth thing as big as a circus tent, which enclosed the entire house. The next morning Mr. Burden motored to his home to learn the result of the effort. He found that one sparrow had been caught and that one sparrow-catcher had fallen off the house and broken his arm. The sparrow-catchers have gone back to England.

Souvenirs

YOU might think that New York, with its summer tourist trade, would be the biggest souvenir market in the country, but it isn't. Niagara Falls is the biggest, Washington is second, and Gettysburg third. Then comes New York. We have this from a big souvenir man who has the facts of his business at his tongue's tip. The market in New York has been good this summer. The demand is still heavy for metal ashtrays embossed with a view of the Brooklyn Bridge, and for miniatures of the Statue of Liberty, either with a penny bank in the base or a minute electric-light globe on top. The real leader nowadays, however, is a massive "key to the city," gilded, with a thermometer set in the handle for utility's sake. Something like ten thousand people have bought one of these this summer and sent it back to the folks at home, just for a joke. The taste in pictures of pub-

lic buildings has switched. You haven't been able to sell visitors pictures of the Flatiron Building for several years. What they want now are likenesses of the newest skyscrapers: the Chrysler or the Bank of the Manhattan Company Building. They even go to the stand in the Woolworth Building to ask for them, which seems hardly fair. The latest Chrysler Building novelty is rather neat. It's a tiny pair of opera glasses, not more than an inch long, with a view of the tower pasted on the outer lenses so you see it magnified when you look through.

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A GENTLEMAN, leaving his walk-up apartment in a brownstone on one of those torrid days, was impelled to speak to the janitor about the weather. He said how hot it was. "Hot!" the janitor exclaimed. "It's that hot I've took a bath every night this week."

Barbers Old and New

IF you're still interested in this intermittent series of ours about the city's antiquities, we will tell you about Mr. August Pingpank, who runs the oldest barbershop in town. It is at 413 Bleecker Street, and was opened in 1875, when that street was still pretty gay, even garish. The shop was started originally by a Mr. Schreiber, who fitted it out with what was then the last word in barbers' furnishings, hired Mr. Pingpank as assistant, and then, soon after, died. Mr. Pingpank, who is now well on in his seventies, has had the place ever since, a matter of fifty-five years. He hasn't changed it much. There are five heavy wooden chairs, upholstered in ancient plush, each with a back which can be raised or lowered by means of a crank—sensational innovations in their day. Big mirrors, too, with wooden frames, elaborately carved. Mr. Pingpank doesn't believe in all these glittering doodads that modern barbershops have—hot-air blowers, vibrators, things with steam gauges on them, and so on. He says they would frighten his customers, though he did have hot and cold running water installed a few years ago without ill effects. On one wall, there is a rack with rows of china shaving mugs, each with the owner's name or initials lettered in gold. Some of the owners have been dead as long as thirty years but Mr. Pingpank keeps their mugs clean and shiny still. Matter of sentiment. Many of his oldest customers have survived, however. John R. Voorhis, for instance, has been a client for forty-five years. He comes only for haircuts, though, and to have his razors sharpened. He still shaves himself, and this worries Mr. Pingpank considerably, as he thinks that after a man is ninety or a hundred it is dangerous for him to handle such a sharp-edged instrument as a razor.

THERE'S another barber, in the French Building, who may be of interest: Mr. Giuseppe Cantela. The Dial Press has published a novel by him, "Moon Harvest," and he is, of course, a contributor to the *American Mercury*. He wrote a description of an Italian funeral which they printed, and this six years after he had first written in English. Mr. Cantela, a gentle, gray-mustached man, is working on his second novel now, about barbershop life. He lives in Brooklyn and going back and forth on the subway reads the plays of Euripides and things like that.

On and Off the Air

THIS was told us by someone who was actually in the broadcasting station when it happened, over in Newark. It's been kept a secret quite a while out of deference to a certain distinguished public man who was the chief speaker on a holiday program being given over there. Time healing all, it seems it now can be told—without names, however, except that of Paul Whiteman. Whiteman's band had been signed to go blaring into "The Star Spangled Banner" just as the chief speaker finished his address. Well, there were so many speakers ahead of him and they talked so long that Whiteman, who had a date back in Manhattan, finally told the station manager he would have to leave in fifteen minutes. At this time the chief speaker had just got started and anyone could see he was going to talk half an hour anyway. He was too distinguished a man, however, for anyone to shush, even in favor of Whiteman. The radio manager overcame the difficulty by quietly disconnecting the speaker's microphone just as he ended a likely sentence, and Whiteman, in an adjoining studio, was put on the air. It worked fine. The speaker was still talking to a disconnected microphone when Whiteman finished his program and started back to town.

Art for Architects

THE scaffolding that surrounded the Rockefeller-Skyscraper-Baptist Church is down and, while it won't be finished and dedicated for six months, the work is about done so far as the Donnellys are concerned. The Donnellys did all the stone-carving and they are almost the only firm in the country for the job. There are plenty of other stone-carvers, of course, but the Donnellys also do their own designing, which makes them practically unique. All an architect has to do is bring his plans to their studio in East Forty-sixth Street and indicate the places for ornamentation. They sketch out the designs, model them in clay, cast them in plaster, and then, after approval, copy them in stone.

The Donnellys have been in business so long they know the varying taste of most of the architects. Cass Gilbert wants very formal classic designs; William Adams Delano, who is a yachtsman, has a weakness for designs which somehow suggest the nautical; Cross & Cross want the modern. Just now the Donnellys are working on a Cross & Cross commission, a group of huge allegorical figures, sixty feet high and very awe-inspiring, for the new Victor Radio Building. Incidentally, the stone-carvers don't care much for the modernistic stuff. The designs, being mainly planes and angles, do not require stone-carvers for execution, merely stone-cutters.

The Rockefeller church was really a gigantic job. It took three years with sometimes as many as eighty-five stone-carvers engaged on it. The carving was all handwork. Mechanical drills have been invented for this job but the stone-workers' union won't allow them to be used, except in very hard stone, because they cripple the carvers' hands. John Donnelly, Sr.,

sixty-three now and a worker in stone since he was fifteen, has a cramped little finger from using the mechanical drills. His brother, still older, is up at the church now, doing over some figures according to changes suggested by Mrs. Rockefeller. The other Donnelly is John, Jr.

From the first the Rockefellers were interested in the carving, dropping in at the studio to go over models and visiting the church to see the stone-men at work. They were particularly concerned about a panel over the chapel door leading to Riverside Drive. The carvings were to be suggestive of motherhood, and the problem was to do this without bringing in the Virgin and Child, a Catholic motif. Incorporating the idea in a Gothic edifice was difficult, but the Donnellys worked out a sort of frieze somewhat like the old "bridge of life," showing a mother and child throughout the latter's development, up to marriage.

The Donnelly studio is barnlike and cluttery —half-finished Mercurys, saints, models. One model, quarter-size, is of the group surrounding the Grand Central clock. Until recently a model of the Woolworth Building, seventeen feet tall, took up a lot of room. It had been ordered by a Berlin museum just before the war. It was interned until lately, when France claimed it under some clause in the Versailles Treaty. The Donnellys were glad it went, as it made space for another model upon which they are working, one ordered by Benno Janssen, the Pittsburgh architect. It's something like a Grecian temple with a sort of peristyle arrangement all around, containing hundreds of columns. Very painstaking work, and nobody here knows what it is for. Mr. Janssen, when he sent in the specifications, didn't say.

Music Obligatory

THE Central Park band concerts, those hot August nights, were a boon to some but not to all. During the last one a passerby overheard a snatch of conversation between two patrolmen stationed in the Mall. One was mumbling something, when the other cut him short. "Aw, where do you get off to kick?" he expostulated bitterly. "This here is the thoid one of these concerts I've had to listen to, one right after the other."

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Madam's sun bath is ready."

"Let's not lose our tempers, sir."

ARE WOMEN GETTING ANYWHERE?

[A PROFOUND AND SEARCHING ARTICLE, A WHOLE LOT LIKE SOME OF THOSE IN "SCRIBNER'S," "HARPERS," THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY," ETC.]

ANYONE who has viewed the changes which have come over our thoroughfares in the past quarter of a century must, unless he is a singularly unobservant person, have been struck by a circumstance which, to sympathetic students of the American scene, is pregnant with a definite menace. I mean the fact that, whereas men have appreciated the need for adjusting themselves to modern methods of crossing streets, women still cross them in the way they always have. Does this seem, at first glance, unimportant? Well, perhaps it is. But let us see if we cannot make it sound highly significant; let us see if we cannot, in a word, make it appear "fraught" with something.

IN 1900 there were only seven hundred and fifty automobiles in the streets of New York City, and the problem of crossing streets was, or should have been, pretty highly simplified. A long interval of time elapsed between the moment one motor car passed a given point and the moment the next motor car passed the same given point. Sometimes this interval was as long as eight minutes (*Cf.* Mrs. McCarty vs. The Rumbler Automobile Company, 1. 46, June, '02, N.Y.). Often, in the case of certain streets, no automobiles at all passed any given point (there were eighteen hundred and thirty-two streets and only seven hundred and fifty automobiles). Nevertheless, women were constantly being bumped by motor cars. The bumping rate was very high, and has varied, from that day to this, only in direct ratio (or inverse—I can never remember which) to the number of cars and women in the streets. Sometimes, for a month or so, the accident graph showed a gratifying downward trend, owing to the fact that a number of imperilled women street-crossers were saved (as they still are) by the timely shouts of motorists—such shouts as "Look out, sister!" or "Hold it, stupid!" At other times these shouts had the unfortunate effect of *raising* the graph trend (as they still have) because some women, when shouted at, have a tendency not to "look out," or to "hold it," but to leap into even greater danger than they were in to begin with.

The difficulties that women encounter in crossing thoroughfares, including the one-way, have in no wise lessened since 1900. They have remained, roughly, just about what they were. One would surmise, at first blush, that they would have increased because of, and in direct (or inverse) ratio to, the augmented number of automobiles now in operation in the streets, and the fact that they haven't increased, but have stayed right where they were, surely indicates the existence, in the feminine nature, of some obstinate, perhaps even immutable, *constant* which, if you are following me, and will strike a match, I shall try to find. (I hope you have matches, for I no longer know exactly where we are.)

CAN we ascribe woman's continued failure to get anywhere safely to an inferior physical agility? I think not. In 1900, a man with a crutch could cross a street with impunity, whereas the youngest and sprightliest of the ladies had a difficult time making it. The problem, then, must have been — must still be — largely *mental*. The italics are mine, and are calculated to arouse your flagging interest. Let us examine the mind of the average American woman of the 1900 epoch, as she crosses, or tries to cross, a street. Or better still, because more timely, let us take the mind of the average American woman of *today*, as she attempts to negotiate an intersection. After all, it amounts to the same thing. *Ça m'est égal*, as the French so aptly express it.

With the exception of those women who are actually riding in cars, or are sick, or out of town, the feminine half of the population is, at various times during every day, crossing thoroughfares, presumably with some objective in view—although we are not concerned here with the *purposeful* street-crosser as opposed to the *aimless* street-crosser (that will come in a subsequent article, about twice this long). Let us single out one individual female and follow her course as she sets out to go from one curb to another.

WHAT do we find? We find her, unless I am mistaken, and I wouldn't be surprised if I am—we find her, to begin with, only half-conscious of where she is. I do not mean to imply that she does not know what city she is in; I simply mean to say that, owing to the traditional phenomenon whereby a woman's conscious mind becomes inoperative unless she is engaged in analyzing a person, or a situation of a personal nature, she is likely, when not thus occupied, to be only dimly cognizant of what is going on. Naturally enough, in this half-oblivious state, her physical reflexes will be similarly dim. In the case in hand, therefore, the woman will glance not in the direction from which the cars are coming, but in the direction in which they are going, because of the tendency, implicit in the female, to be more interested in what is trying to get away from her, so to speak, than in what is trying to get at her. Our lady will, then, be looking *away* from the cars that are rushing toward her, and not *at* them. This is the reason that, when women are bumped by fenders, they sometimes have the curious delusion that the car which struck them "bobbed up from Hell." "I was about to cross the street," such a victim of her own heedlessness will say, "when up bobbed this car from Hell, and knocked me down."

This unfortunate condition, this deplorable state of mind, obtained in 1900, and still obtains today. *Id est semper, idem semper est.* What, then, is the remedy? It is this: women must become more conscious, at all times, of where they are, whether they are in-

terested in what is going on there or not. They must be *en garde*, they must look before they leap, and, above all, they must look in both directions and leap in but one. There are, of course, a few women who are quite sensible of their own shortcomings in traffic. I have in mind a little old lady who was riding in a Fifth Avenue bus one day. She arose to get off, as the vehicle approached Fortieth Street, when suddenly and unexpectedly it came to an abrupt halt. Inertia threw the old lady backward and she fell supine—fortunately against the limbs of a man, which broke her fall and saved her from injury. Without making any attempt to get up, without even opening her eyes, she said in a voice quavering with emotion, but charged with utter conviction: "I'm going to break my neck yet in this goddam city." Other women should emulate this little old lady's fine consciousness of the certainty that, unless she exercised greater care, she was going to break her neck. That consciousness must come, or women in America are lost. —JAMES THURBER

TRUE, SIMPLE POEM

A little while to think the moon
Is made of what you want it made of;
A little while to think that soon
There'll be no more to be afraid of—
Then years of learning that the moon is
As dead and far away as soon is.

A little while to pluck and smack
Unripe delight in bright Utopia;
To add unto the zodiac
Your special birth-sign, Cornucopia—
Then barren years you'd call complete yet,
If only the hostile ends would meet yet.

A little while to burn and ache
With passion for the pretty teacher;
To learn the fiddle for her sake
And hope the poignant tale will reach her—
Then years when the laughing gods observe us
Loving the most when we're most nervous.

A little while to stare on grief
As on some strange and mirthless clowning;
To ripen in the sweet belief
That earth is peaches to your Browning—
Then years when more than Pippa passes,
And God in Heaven needs stronger glasses.

A little while to give a damn
And whistle Slavic moods when thinking;
When Mary and her little lamb
Require considerable drinking—
Then years of vegetable quiet
Whose Vega is a careful diet.

—SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

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STAGGER

IT was in an innocent, unthinking moment that in front of 210 Madison Avenue I hailed a taxicab. In a confident, easy voice I uttered these simple words:

"Two-thirty Park Avenue," I said.

We slid down the street and turned up Thirty-fifth Street abruptly toward Fifth Avenue, past a sign which read plainly: "Street Closed." The chauffeur uttered a harsh cry which sounded like a sea fowl in despair.

"Itstistagga!" he moaned and fled down Thirty-fifth Street. Men on trucks cried: "You can't go through!" at which he hooted despairingly: "Itstistagga!"

I had started on my strange, difficult journey from 210 Madison Avenue to 230 Park Avenue. We turned around as we arrived at Fifth Avenue and dashed eastward. We crossed Madison Avenue and made for Park. Taxi-drivers bawled to my chauffeur: " 'Sa one-way street!" to which he only shouted "Itstistagga!" At Park Avenue he stopped and backed the entire block to Madison Avenue again. Soon we were in the Thirty-fourth Street jam. Traffic rocked around us. It got to the tooting point where every chauffeur honks his horn. A vast clamor rose up around us. My man joined in the uproar, turning to say in a lower, confidential tone: "Itstistagga!" At last the block gave, the dam of cars welled forward like released waters, we sped back to Park and then up over the fairway around the Grand Central Terminal.

Once in Park Avenue, trustingly, confidingly, I looked for 230. I had been in 250 only the day before. There was 250, there was 240, but there was no 230.

The traffic stopped. Now it was released again.

"Itstistagga," called the chauffeur and bounded forward down Park Avenue.

"You must give me a buzz some day."

"Stop!" I cried. "Stop. Look for Two-thirty."

"It ain't, Madam. It ain't. There ain't no Two-thirty. There's everything but Two-thirty."

"It must be there," I cried. "It's got to be there. It's in the telephone book."

"It ain't nowheres else then!" he cried, as we bowled down Park Avenue, past Thirty-fourth Street, around Thirty-third Street, and up Park Avenue again. Again we circled the Grand Central Terminal.

"Go slow," I cried. "Look!"

"I will, Madam, if I can, but itstistagga." The traffic stopped again.

"What's tistagga?" I asked.

"Tistagga's the new traffic regulations that chops ya off quick—see?—an' you go on quick—see? Traffic jus' staggas. It joiks an' staggas!"

"Oh!" I said. "Like Mexico City. It works all right there." He turned around.

"Madam," he said reproachfully, "we ain't Mexicans."

WE were again going toward the Grand Central Terminal. Again we turned down Park Avenue. A sense of infinity rushed over me as though for ever and ever I would be destined to circle the Terminal, Park Avenue, and Thirty-fifth Street, with a demented taxi-driver who howled "It ain't, Madam!" or cried "Itstistagga!" The taximeter was mounting dangerously.

"It is," I cried. "It must be! Ask them." I pointed to the policemen standing in a Park Avenue safety zone.

"Two-thoity Park Avenue?" they asked with scorn. "Ya mus' come from Brooklyn! Two-thoity Park's th' office building of th' Grand Central Station. There it is, right in front of ya."

August and slightly old-fashioned, the mighty tower, already several years old and definitely dated, rose before us.

"I get ya!" cried the chauffeur, and we rushed up Park Avenue, on the lower level, toward the Grand Central Terminal. In Forty-second Street he turned toward Lexington Avenue. I could bear it no longer.

"Stop. I'll find it on foot!" I yelled. I paid him a dollar-thirty-five and he went off, hooting like a night bird. Black Caps swarmed around me like buzzards.

"How do you get to the office building?" I asked.

"You walk right through the station," they clamored.

A MODEST illuminated sign in the Terminal read "Office Building." I found myself in the most refined tunnel I had ever seen. It was of cream-colored marble with soft overhead lighting and it seemed infinite. I walked on and on through the mellow tube and past me forever walked groups of young girls. They were all the same

"Route One to Boston?"

WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT *with* ROMANCE

A SCENE FROM YOUTH'S MEMORY ENGRAVED BY THAT OLD HUMANIST JOHN HELD JR

• •

age and most of them were employed in dabbing at their noses and making up in little mirrors, as they walked.

It was in this tunnel, I am sure, that the author of "The Green Pastures" conceived the device of God Almighty walking forever on a road while things moved past him. So I walked, down toward 230 Park Avenue.

I had the impression of lifting up my feet always in the same place, while past me moved groups of young girls. Then I realized it was just after twelve o'clock when all the office girls of 230's mighty tower were swarming through the elegant cream-colored tunnel to lunch.

I arrived at 230 Park Avenue, debouching finally into a foyer lined with elevators of vermilion lacquer like palanquins of Chinese emperors, bronze sunbursts above them, just one hour after I had started from 210 Madison Avenue. —MARY HEATON VORSE

PEOPLE

Some people are popular with other people because their wit is pointed
And they can sing tenor and are double-jointed
And have had experiences in Papua and the New Hebrides
And have private anecdotes about public celebrides,
And are bright and amusing in the entr'acte
And always do the right thing in backgammon and contr'acte.

Other people are unpopular with other people because they discuss
Bertrand Russell
And keep wanting you to feel their muscle
And point out that your furniture is oak, not mahogany,
And tell you all about their ancestors and progeny
And advise you to move to a suburb
And get away from all this tumult and huburb.

Both kinds of people, however, will eventually succumb to acidity;
Or perhaps they will be victims of the humidity
Or even approach metempsychosis
Through the various stages of cirrhosis.
But whatever the manner of their passing may be
It's all all right with me.

—OGDEN NASH

DESCRIPTION OF MONSIEUR RAUSCH

ON the purser's right sat Mme. Slater; next to her, in order round the table, Mr. and Mrs. Post, Monsieur Rausch (the subject of these wandering but vicious lines), and, between him and the purser's left, a maiden lady who appeared for lunch the first day, smiled tentatively once, silently withdrew on catching the oily eye of a sardine, and was seen no more. A type perhaps too common to mention, except that her departure enabled Mr. Post to deal eventually with the problem of M. Rausch.

It would have been a blue voyage even without him. The little Talleyrand was crowded, deck space limited, the Posts had their daughter Barbara with them, and the nurse was gauntly, suicidally seasick. Moreover, they found to their dismay that the travelling Frenchman is not a bit more attractive than the travelling Briton or American. Everyone knows that a passenger list is made up of his own party, two or three other charming people, and a vast congregation of noisy indistinguishables who take all the best places and are later seen drunk in Paris restaurants, and avoided. The French passengers of course were neither noisy nor drunken, however omnipresent. The Posts nevertheless had various illusions shattered, failing to realize that most people, including the French, are uneasily on the defensive when removed from their own familiar background, and for that reason alone—even without the aid of Mother Nature—peculiarly unattractive.

Barbara saw to it that her parents did not sink into that vacuum of torpid irresponsibility in which they were accustomed to travel. Mr. Post grew expert in plucking her from the rail, keeping her out of pirates' caves or ventilators, and driving her constantly from the smoking-room, where the French infants crawled happily about under the tables while *papa* and *maman* took their *gouter*; Mr. Post thought children a nuisance in the bar, and he was right. Either he or Mrs. Post had to sit in the children's saloon during meals to keep order and make sure that the uniformed *bonne* provided by the line did not repeat her nonchalant admixture of wine with Barbara's water. They had also to see that the steward got the idea behind the case of pasteurized milk the Posts had brought aboard. The precious fluid was first served cradled in an iced champagne bucket; too cold. Then it was rushed in, still boiling vigorously, in a coffeepot, in which traces of the previous contents still lingered; thereafter it was usually between these extremes. Barbara was tough, and thrived. She was never seasick—although Mrs. Post did once come upon her murmuring dreamily to herself, as she kneeled on her bunk and gazed through the cabin port, "Now—the—ship—goes—way—*up*—now—the—ship—goes—way—*down*," over and over again. The Posts subscribed to the creed that sleeping children are good children.

M. RAUSCH was a much more serious problem. There was that about him which was impossible to ignore, as it is impossible to ignore anything perfect of its species, whether or not one likes it, from a snowflake to a diamond; M. Rausch had a kind of perfection: he was the perfect bore, with a capital "I."

The captain of industry who was not included in Mr. Gerard's list of rulers of America

He was even morbidly unpleasant to look at: his naked, lumpy skull was tightly covered with material the color of an old wallet, presumably skin, that loosened into random folds and pockets over his face as if the enormous doorknob of a nose were exerting a positive drag, like gravity. Bubbles formed constantly at the corners of his pallid slit of a mouth, to fall in visible drops whenever the least disagreement with any of his positive statements aroused his excitement. Then his bulbous eyes, loosely set in brown shallow pouches, would protrude in a glare more baleful than ever; their little yellow blood-vessels would swell, the fine traceries that adorned his nose assume a richer shade of purple, and the large tubes that branched like candelabra from his temples up over the flat-topped skull would stand out rigid with blood, and throb almost audibly. He was seventy-eight, an Alsatian, had spent fifty years selling shoes in the Southwest, spoke French and English with a muddy German accent, and during the voyage never once changed his suit—a spotted, square-cut piece of hard, gray cloth that accommodated itself to his massive bones with all the pliancy of sheet-iron. Mme. Slater, the dainty little French wife of an American engineer, who had confided in Mrs. Post that she was going home to have her baby, caused a vase of roses to be placed on the table between M. Rausch and herself.

He was bad enough on deck, where conversation with him was in the nature of a steady retreat until the victim found, as eventually he did, a solid wall at his back, and M. Rausch could bring his face within two inches of his victim's, his favorite talking

distance; but at table the presence of food invariably brought him round to his favorite topic, that which he referred to as his "dilabidaded stomach."

"Vot's dis," he would say into a dish offered him by the steward, "cutlets? Can't touch 'em. Meat, I used to eat it all the time. Kill me now to taste it. I have got a dilabidaded stomach. What I have suffered. Pain, here. Potatuss, now. I can eat potatuss; baked Idaho potatuss I eat tousands. Dose Texas boarding housses done for me. And greens. Can't touch a glass wine no more. I have villpowr. *Charcuterie*? Suicide. Spaghetti I can take widout dose dago sauces. Oh, I've drunk tousands of quarts of whiskey, all business, never liked it. Now I pay for it. Take my last time I was sick. Did I tell you? Yes? Well, I tell you again—"

On and on he droned in a harsh flat grinding roar, his voice never raised, never lowered, never inflected; a strong, blunt old man whom no rudeness could divert, fascinatingly repulsive, a mesmeric boredom issuing from his lips in clouds of fine spray. With the air and accent of a public guide, he loved to take his table companions by the hand and lead them over every inch of his intestinal tract, stopping now and then at the site of a major operation, illuminating hidden corners with the torch of perfect familiarity with the terrain, and brightening his discourse with anecdotes of various dietary indiscretions. He ate carelessly with his knife, or his fork, or his fingers, as whimsy prompted him; and ever the top dressing on his waistcoat grew more richly various.

AFTER three or four meals of this, Mr. Post knew from certain signs that his wife was on the point of taking direct action if he didn't do something about it himself, and having seen enough of M. Rausch by then to realize that all he wanted was a target, a tympanum of some kind for his voice to beat against, Mr. Post set about the task of finding a suitable one; he knew it was already too late to put up a cry for volunteers.

He found her in the deckchair next his own: bobbed gray hair, shapeless clothes—gay in color, but slightly soiled—talkative, spare, grimly virginal, glaring hard through her pince-nez, breathing hard through her nose—these signs would almost have been enough to decide Mr. Post without the further token that she too bubbled slightly at the mouth, and when interrupted merely raised her voice a few notches. The card stuck in her chair read, astonishingly: "Mrs. Grace Gross Grew." From her conversation with the woman on her other side—who lay there, eyes closed, breathing rhythmically to the roll of the ship, and much too sick to care—he learned without difficulty that Mrs. Grew was a delegate from the Foreign Relations Council of the American Sisters of Christ, on her way over to call upon the premiers of Europe and enlist their aid in the Sisters' scheme for drying up the United States. She meant to start with Mussolini. The scheme had the simplicity of genius: as everyone knew, prohibition was a rousing success; it was not only universally obeyed—it was adored; except, she admitted, among the alien and foreign-born population. There lay the problem with which the Sisters of Christ were eager to grapple, and they had practically solved it. Since only aliens and the foreign-born disobeyed the law, all aliens and foreign-born were to be sent back to their countries of origin. She was to make the arrangements. There was no doubt in her mind that the statesmen of Europe would welcome back their errant sons once she had pointed out certain facts she knew to be true, to wit: (1) that alcohol is a poison, (2) that to drink is immoral, and (3) that the Protestant clergy of America was solidly behind prohibition.

She gladly repeated these truths to Mr. Post, who feigned an interest, and went into details of her plan in a high, durable monotone that left no doubt in his mind of her ability to take care of M. Rausch; and she gave Mr. Post a perfect opening by complaining of her present table companions—three Harvard undergraduates who she was almost sure had been drinking (despite the assurance of a Cambridge professor's wife that Harvard boys never drank), because one of them had asked her if Christ were really her brother.

Mr. Post said: "Why don't you come to our table? There's a vacant seat. I'm sure the purser could arrange it. We should be delighted."

M. RAUSCH was delighted, too. The Posts moved along, and gave Mrs. Grew the seat next to him. He lost no time: "Good afternoon, Madame. I am happy you join us. Vill you take some hors d'œuvre? Me, I don't dare touch 'em. It would ru-un me. I have got a stomach that is all collapsed. Have you got good digestion, Madame? You are lucky. I have not tasted a mouthful of food I liked for twelve year. My stomach vill not digest hardly anything; and my large intestine is all shot to bieces." He wasted no words; he went right to the heart of his subject. He was off.

It was some minutes before Mrs. Grew could find a gap in his discourse big enough to jump into; but when it came she jumped hard and landed running, and the others had the acute pleasure of hearing M. Rausch beaten down in full blast. Thereafter they spoke mostly at once; or if either of them waited, it was not to listen but to prepare language for the next opportunity. Mr. Post swelled with pride. Soon he and Mrs. Post, Mme. Slater, and the purser ceased even to hear the waves of sound whirring and droning about their heads, much less to distinguish what was being said.

The polite and waggish M. Lebon, the purser, congratulated Mr. Post and at the end of the voyage apologized, confessing that he had to put M. Rausch at his table every year, because otherwise there were so many complaints. Which shows what a tactful man he was, as M. Rausch had already confided to Mr. Post that he always made it a point to cross in the Talleyrand in order to sit with his good friend M. Lebon. He had particularly enjoyed this voyage. Never before, he said, had he been so fortunate as to sit next to such an intelligent woman as Mrs. Grew. —DONALD MOFFAT

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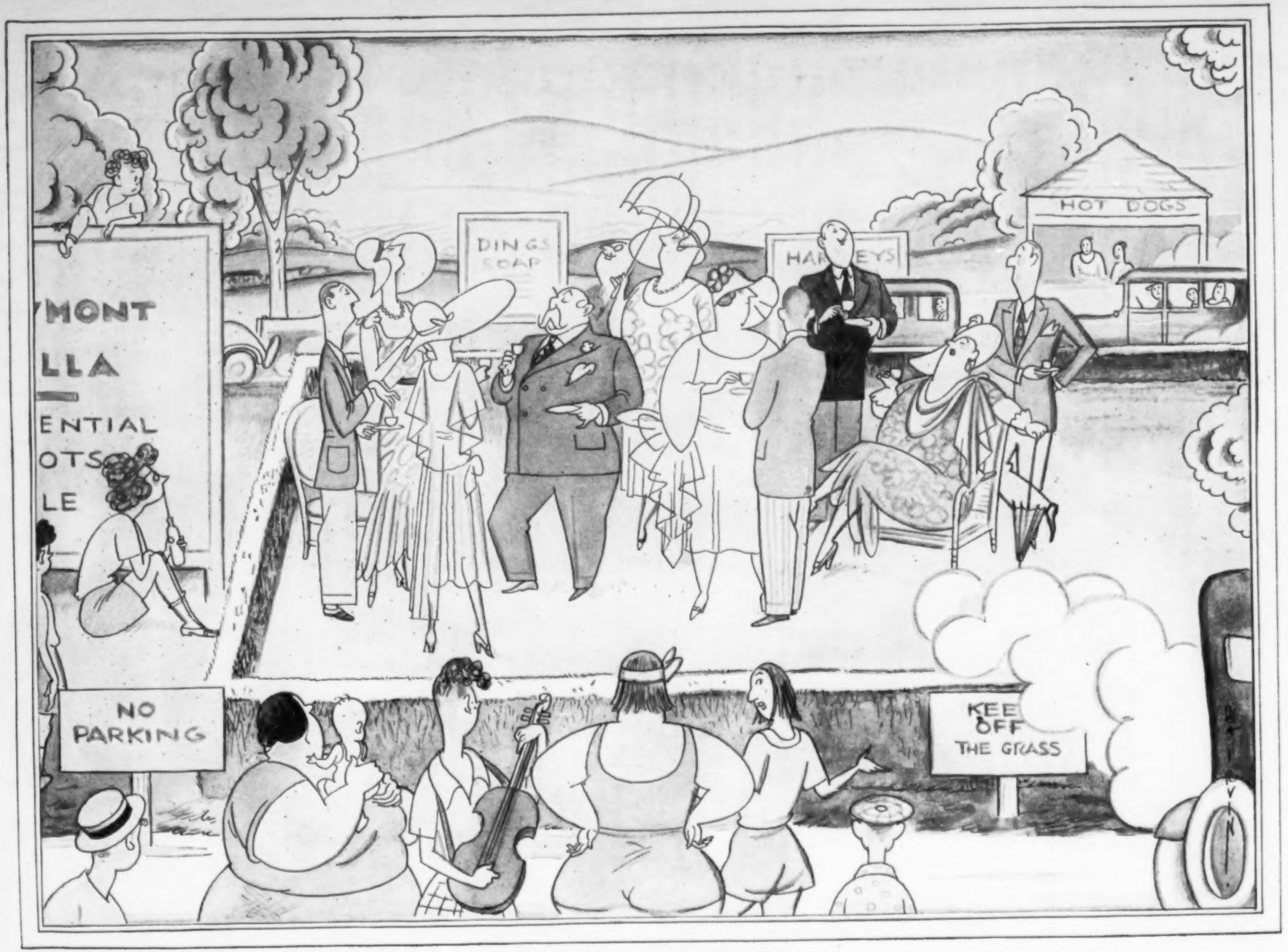
FOG ON THE HUDSON

The fog lay heavy on the river and on the city that night,
The whistles and buoys were not for a moment still,
The ghostly river was clamorous, and over and over
A siren cut through the sound, vehement and shrill.

The fog poured in through the window, the wailing of the buoys
And the lingering scream of the siren poured into the room,
While love, the ever-slain, the ever-recurrent,
Stirred itself in the gloom.

—LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL



COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

The Lawn Party

PROFILES

D'ARTAGNAN OF THE COURTS

Jean Borotra wears a beret,
On the court
He's veret
Meret.

THERE have been worse characterizations in eleven words than this rhyme, which once appeared in the London *Bystander* during Wimbledon Week.

Jean Borotra was born in an old Basque family at their country seat, the Château de Pouy, at Arbonne, in the Basses Pyrénées, on October 6, 1898, and later entered the Polytechnique . . . Wait a minute. This is not the way to start a yarn about that mercurial magician who put France on top of the lawn-tennis world. Perhaps it would be easier to begin in the middle and describe Jean on one of his visits to this country.

DURING a round-the-world tour which the team of France made several years ago, they were playing at the Penn A.C. in Philadelphia. The Broadway Limited left North Philadelphia at 4:40 that afternoon—unfortunately Jean's match against Tilden lasted until four. A few minutes later he was packed into a taxi with his teammates, Brugnon and Boussus, with twenty minutes to make the train. The chauffeur was a woman. "Take all the chances you can, Mademoiselle; I am sure you can make a better time than a man," said the gallant but slightly nervous Jean. She took chances. On one wheel they pulled up at the station as the Limited pulled out. A dash through the gates and they jumped on board the last open vestibule while half a dozen porters running along beside the train tossed their bags on the car platforms. Exhausted, they sank into their seats with relief. The next day, when they reached Chicago, Borotra discovered that there was an hour between trains and immediately decided to make a couple of business calls. His teammates, recalling their close shave at Philadelphia, protested.

"What's the matter?" said Jean indignantly. "We made the train, didn't we? Besides, *j'adore les émotions.*"

YES, Borotra does adore emotions. Possibly that is why he is so successful, not only in sport but in business and in other directions as well.

Jean Borotra

Nowadays he is such a consistent winner in international tennis that one gets just a bit weary of reading about his triumphs in every country on earth. It was not always like that. After serving in the army—it is worthy of note that he is almost the only player in the game today who saw actual service during the war—Jean entered the Polytechnique, the great engineering school in Paris, where besides being an honor pupil he was also captain and the best player on the football team. Leaving school with his diploma as engineer, he joined a company manufacturing gasoline pumps. In the Basque country he was a great pelota player (Jean will tell you that four-handed pelota is the fastest game in the world), and searching for exercise after work he took to playing tennis indoors at the Sporting and the Tennis Clubs of Paris. His agility and his quickness learned in pelota served him well. In the summer of 1920, while on vacation, he won a couple of provincial tournaments; in 1921 he defeated the great Gobert, then champion, indoors; and in 1922 he was chosen as a substitute for the French Davis Cup team and made the first of his many visits to this country, where he was soundly beaten by second-raters everywhere he played.

In 1923 came Borotra's initial triumph, when he won the Indoor Championship of France. He was the first Frenchman ever to win the English Championship at Wimbledon, in 1924, and by defeating Patterson and Anderson of Australia in singles at Forest Hills in 1925, he enabled France to reach the challenge round of the Davis Cup for the first time. His many successes all over the world since then need no mention. Perhaps less well known is the fact that he is the most beloved and admired athlete in his native land, not only by his friends but by that great section of the Parisian sporting public who flock to Auteuil on the hottest of days to cheer their "Borocco" whenever he makes his appearance, wagging his head, at the entrance to the centre court. Last winter, when he was defeating Tilden indoors at the Tennis Club of Paris, a thousand fans unable to jam their way inside stood for two hours in the rain to hear the score as the match progressed.

JEAN has so far escaped marriage; he lives with his mother in a quiet apartment in the Rue de Longchamp in Paris. The dining-room is a replica of the refectory in their château in the Landes, with an ancient Basque inscription carved in the wooden mantelpiece above the fireplace. Contrary to French custom, when Jean is at home a cosmopolitan crowd gathers daily about that long table, friends made both in business and sport. On behalf of his company, in which he recently has been made a partner, he travels all over the world; in one short twelvemonth recently he spent one hundred and eighty-seven nights in trains, airplanes, and steamers. Consequently he probably has as many friends in various parts of the earth as any man alive, nor does he ever forget them. Each Christmas he sends out cards; once, sailing north from Rio, he personally addressed and scribbled a word of greeting on five hundred cards—this besides an endless series of reports he was obliged to get out for his company at the same time.

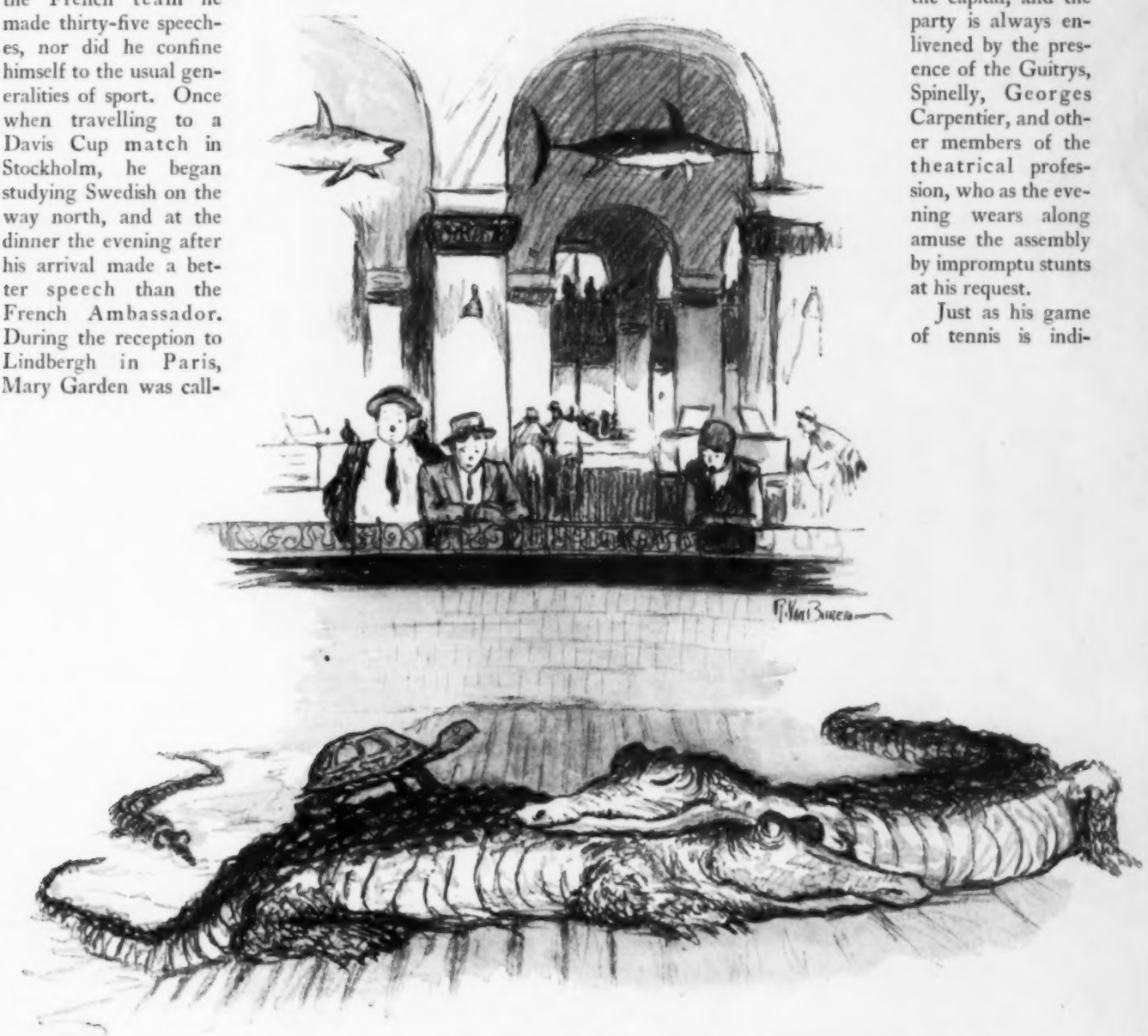
It is pretty well known that he travels with a secretary, that he works on airplanes, trains, steamers, and everywhere else, that the two sit up until all hours at labor whenever Jean takes time away from business to play in a tournament, and that he was busy until three o'clock in the morning the day of the Davis Cup matches at Germantown several years ago. Not everyone, however, knows that he is one of the leading industrialists in modern France, an organizer and an engineer whose advice is sought and listened to with respect. He is rich, even by American standards, and he made it all himself. As a matter of fact he is one of the few top-class players who handicap themselves with a job. Tennis with him is secondary to his affairs; he must

fit it into a busy day as best he can. Once he almost missed a boat train which was to take him to the United States to play in a tournament, by working all night at his office; he was there until eight in the morning and the train left the Gare St.-Lazare for Havre and the boat at 8:25. The pitch at which he conducts life is hardly calculated to bring out his best tennis.

Borotra is a polished after-dinner speaker, always able to reply for his teammates—by no means celebrated for their linguistic talents. He can be eloquent in half a dozen different tongues; each June he speaks for the visiting players at the annual banquet of the All England Club in London. During the round-the-world tour of the French team he made thirty-five speeches, nor did he confine himself to the usual generalities of sport. Once when travelling to a Davis Cup match in Stockholm, he began studying Swedish on the way north, and at the dinner the evening after his arrival made a better speech than the French Ambassador. During the reception to Lindbergh in Paris, Mary Garden was called on to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." She turned to Ambassador Herrick and asked him for the words. He did not know them. Then she turned to Bill Tilden, who did not know them either. But the situation was saved. Jean Borotra was there, and he knew them.

IF Borotra has really retired from Davis Cup play, as he said he had after this year's matches, there is no telling how seriously France will miss him in 1931, since he has been distinctly the backbone and the mainstay of the defending team. In 1927 it was Jean who so exhausted Tilden that he was helpless against Lacoste on the third day; in 1928 it was Jean who carried the doubles over Tilden and Hunter and swung the Latin tide; in 1929 it was Jean who without any previous training stepped in at the last minute when Lacoste fell ill, and won the decisive match against George Lott; this year it was victory, again over Lott, which definitely decided the issue. Profuse with his energies, on the tennis court, in business, in social life, he is continually giving himself to everyone. When in Paris he works long and late, usually lunches at home with one or two business acquaintances, goes out every night, and works on his return. Each spring during the French tennis championships he gives a party—"My parteh," he calls it—in a large hall near the Étoile. To this are invited about a thousand of Jean's friends from the French and foreign sets in the capital, and the party is always enlivened by the presence of the Guitrys, Spinelly, Georges Carpentier, and other members of the theatrical profession, who as the evening wears along amuse the assembly by impromptu stunts at his request.

Just as his game of tennis is indi-



"Here comes that fidgety turtle again."

vidual, so his actions on the court are like no one else's. He is Jean Borotra; either you like him and his antics or you consider both ridiculous. A born actor with a sense of humor, he has the actor's intuitive knowledge of crowd psychology, and likes nothing better than to take the court before a slightly hostile audience and work upon them until they are wildly cheering for him. Thus he will come out, observe from the corner of his eye some pretty girl sitting in one of the front rows of the low stands; then, on the first sharply angled ball toward her side, he will run, leap for the ball, miss it, and land in the lady's lap. Business then of picking himself up, of picking the lady up, of apologizing, of kissing her hand. The Parisian galleries expect all this; they are disappointed if he does not thus stand upon his head two or three times during each match.

Once, in Paris, in the finals of a doubles championship against Tilden and Hunter, when playing with his partner Lacoste, a dispute arose. A decision at set point was objected to by the Americans. Everyone on the court became taut, and the crowd howled. Before the situation could get out of hand, however, Jean went over to one side of the court and, stretching out on two little iron chairs, pretended to fall asleep. The gallery laughed and the storm was over. Last summer, in the important match of the challenge round in Paris, the ballboys were slow, awkward, annoying, and Tilden, tense with nervousness, became disturbed, impatient. Finally, just as Borotra was about to serve, the umpire stopped him and publicly reprimanded the boys. In a deadly silence Jean once more drew himself up to hit the ball. Suddenly he paused, turned around, and with the eyes of twelve thousand spectators upon him, waggled his forefinger roguishly at one miserable young rascal in the rear. The tension disappeared like fog before the wind.

In the summer of 1929 at Wimbledon the difference between Latin and Anglo-Saxon was especially noticeable. Following his match with Cochet, Tilden, defeated, grabbed his racquets and sweater and galloped off the court; Borotra, when beaten by the same man the next day, came off the court laughing, chatting, tossing back his head in that peculiar Borotraesque gesture, exclaiming that he had played well, indeed yes, that Henri was magnificent, that against such a man one could do nothing. Who, for instance, but Jean Borotra would remember, as he invariably does, to shake hands with the umpire and thank him after the match is finished? You may tell me much of this is a pose. I admit it. But I suggest that a pose which seeks to indicate that lawn tennis is a game, and not a life-and-death struggle with empires and nations at stake, is one that should be encouraged at all costs.

"Remember the day it rained in Paris?"

OF course Jean is a *poseur*—the most persistent *poseur* in sport. Some of his poses are less amusing than others. His gesture of throwing away points, his refusal to accept a doubtful decision he thinks does not belong to him, has always seemed to many of us a silly business. Even here I am forced to admit that I may not be right, that this pose may not be a pose but really part of Jean Borotra. Several years ago, in what looked like the deciding

match in the challenge round in the Davis Cup at Germantown, Jean, playing with his teammate Brugnon, deliberately threw away a point in the fifth set that cost his side a most important game and the match. Many players chuck points; who but Jean Borotra would throw away the Davis Cup in the grand manner?

The fact is that he is first of all an actor. By this I do not mean that he is not a tenacious fighter; simply that he knows better than anyone else in the game the enormous value of having the public on one's side. And he always gives his best when he feels the crowd with him. He knows how support from above can aid the tired spirit, can help the wearied limbs. Do not be deceived when you see him stagger, falter, slip, and stumble about the court in despair. That is the time when he is most dangerous, when a wise adversary will put on all pressure and leave sentiment strictly to one side.

OCCASIONALLY, I fear, Jean lets himself be carried away by his marvellous powers of mimicry. Occasionally he succeeds in deluding his opponent completely. You may recall that victory over Bill Johnston in 1926, when by his tottering and falling about the court in the last sets he made the American let up in the belief that he was exhausted. This comes close to the border line of unfair play. Yet at heart there is no fairer player alive than Jean Borotra. One does not need to be told that he would be the last man on earth to take advantage of his adversary. But such a good actor is he that sometimes he forgets that he is doing exactly this. What with his head-shaking, his "*Ah, oui's,*" his ejaculations and gasps of apparent delight as he is passed at the net, he sets a trap which the unwary player invariably falls into. Henri Cochet and René Lacoste don't fall into this trap. Neither does Bill Tilden. They all know him for what he is, at all times one of the most brilliant and dangerous figures in the game today. —JOHN R. TUNIS

• •

OF ALL THINGS

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT feels that the administration is to blame for the business slump because it did nothing last summer to check the orgy of speculation. Our Governor forgets that Hoover is an engineer, not a brakeman.

•

The winner and runner-up of the women's air derby to Chicago were a couple of mothers. They did it, no doubt, to get away from the kiddies.

•

The German fliers landed in the harbor, swarmed over Wall Street, and captured the City Hall. All exactly as predicted by our nervous patriots in 1915.

•

Fair Warning No. 1: If Hack Wilson is going to be the Home-Run King, New York will throw off the yoke of royalty and go republican.

•

A Moscow official repeats that his government has no intention whatever of paying the old Czarist debts. Now our Ham Fish will have the Soviets dropped from the human race for nonpayment of dues.

•

The old boys must have been right when they said that politics would defeminize our nobler and lovelier sex. At any rate, a *Times* headline refers to Ma Ferguson as "Ex-Woman Governor."

•

Illinois bone-drys, distressed by Ruth McCormick's promise to obey the referendum, are now considering putting up an independent candidate for the Senate. They claim that a lady does not look so well sitting on a fence.

•

"Time and natural readjustment," says Syndicalvin, "are the only complete cure remedies for business recovery." Meanwhile those with leisure on their hands can study up on ex-Presidential English.

•

All Englishmen are rejoicing over the gracious gift made to the Empire by the Duchess of York. It is, they say, exactly what they wanted. Almost exactly.

•

It is revealed that one good way to get a job is to present the right person with an eighty-dollar suit. After this, any Tammany official seen wearing a suit of clothes will have something to explain. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Hey, Mr. Bijers, you're wanted on the phone!"

THE THEATRE

HERE WE GO!

THE new season opened pleasantly with six sudden deaths in one show, thereby giving Owen Davis the cup hitherto held by William Shakespeare for his excellent elimination-work in "Hamlet." The name of Mr. Davis' barbecue is "The Ninth Guest," and it is just about what it sounds like. When you set out to kill off six out of a possible nine characters in three acts, all by devious means, you must be reconciled to sacrificing a certain amount of verisimilitude. Mr. Davis has made this sacrifice without flinching.

The darned thing has enough macabre interest, however, to keep one in a sitting posture throughout the proceedings, if only to see who goes next. Eight people having received identical invitations signed "Your Host" are assembled in a penthouse apartment, with no one to welcome them but a butler hired for the evening and a voice from the radio. (Incidentally, although it is something distinctly new in melodramatic properties, this mysterious Radio Voice is already ceasing to strike the terror that it did when first introduced. It may be because one expects it any minute to go into: "This program comes to you through the courtesy of Applemeyer & Stweed, manufacturers of America's favorite pincers de luxe.") Anyway, one by one the guests fall victims to this unseen killer, until only two are left. I won't spoil things for you by telling you which two they are, the primary reason for my reticence being that I don't quite remember.

The casualties include several well-known actors and actresses, such as William Courtleigh (who has his evening to himself after nine-thirty), Thais Lawton, Berton Churchill, and Allan Dinehart. By what strange periodicity in the whirligig of Fate is it that Mr. Dinehart is practically always in one of the first plays of a new season? I am not complaining, for he is a most agreeable actor, but I really would like to know. It may be that Mr. Woods, his manager, is usually one of the first in town with his initial offering, but I would prefer some more occult explanation. Perhaps "The Ninth Guest" did this to me. If it did, it was a more effective drama than I thought it at the time.

WHAT do you suppose goes on in the mind of a playwright as skillful in many ways as Kenyon Nicholson when he decides to write a play about the interrelation of religion and sex? He must know that "Rain" and "Bride of the Lamb" and several others have taken the edge off whatever dramatic novelty the idea may have, and he must know that his play will inevitably recall these names to everyone in the audience. Not that it isn't still a good idea and susceptible to effective treatment, but Mr. Nicholson, with his gift for dialogue and general superiority over the common run of playwrights, should not have to warm over any dish for the entertainment of his public. When he writes his big scene in the second act of "Torch Song" so identically along the lines of the big scene in "Bride of the Lamb," symbolism and all, one can only believe that he does it unconsciously.

"Torch Song" has plenty of merits of its own on which to stand, chief among them its humor in the character of Cass Wheeler, the travelling salesman for mortuary accessories, or "underground novelties," a character which Guy Kibbee by his performance places in Niche No. 1 in the 1930 Hall of Fame. It is too bad that Mr. Kibbee has been given, in addition to the best lines of the play, the weakest declamation heard in these parts for several seasons. It is even more unfortunate that the final curtain comes down on this declamation. It is unbelievably bad.

But the story of the cabaret singer who goes Salvation Army and back again, with Miss Mayo Methot in the rôle, is good enough to make "Torch Song" the first acceptable play of the season. Miss Methot, who last year in "Great Day" made the song "More Than You Know" something to remember, has a tough job in "Torch Song" and does it with distinction. She is helped by the unaffected juvenility of Reed Brown, Jr., as the young man to blame for it all. Mr. Arthur Hopkins' "honor system" of direction is again in evidence, making for delightful naturalness and, most of the time, for complete inaudibility.

IN spite of making the Quatz' Arts Ball a Junior Class romp in assorted Pierrot and Columbine costumes Marya Mannes, who wrote "Café: A Play of the Boulevards," has evidently been around her Montparnasse. In fact, the play suffers, and suffers intensely, from authenticity. It is exactly the play that would come from someone who had carefully observed the manners and customs of the boys and girls of the Dôme and the Lilas and then had decided that a play should be written about them. But Miss Mannes evidently knows her boulevards better than she knows her Broadway, for "Café" is pretty thin stuff.

Mr. William A. Brady, *père*, who produced "Café," has gone in for another "Street Scene," with a cast of passersby and strollers which would number well up into the fifties were it not for one or two repeaters. Many of them are actually French, too, and the 1930 season opens with the startling distinction of having the word "*monsieur*" pronounced correctly no fewer than a dozen times in one play. In fact, nothing has been spared to give the thing atmosphere, even to the rug-peddler and the checker-players, and yet there is a certain *je ne sais quoi* which is lacking to make the illusion even noticeable. Perhaps it is good actors.

Of course, there is Rollo Peters, as the man who has seen the shallowness of it all, and there are Georgia Caine, Marjorie Gateson, and Frances Fuller as the three ladies who want him, but the impression is, when it is all over, that somehow, somewhere, the thing could have been better done. It would probably be necessary to begin at the beginning and rewrite the play, or, better yet, write another play entirely. It seems as if there ought to be something for the theatre among the American Montparnasses, but "Café" isn't

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MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

it. Even the man with the dirty post cards didn't seem real, so you may imagine what the rest were like.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

"IT'S NOT TOO LATE"

A little mouse is gnawing
The ropes that bind
The wishes of my heart
To the wisdom of my mind.

Little mouse, tell me
Whence you came,
What are you doing,
What is your name?

Lady, all prisoners
Are dear to me,
I nibble at their bonds
To set them free.

Fear is a poison,
Wisdom is a rope,
But Death is a mousetrap
That leaves no hope.

Some eat poison
Hidden in their cheese;
There's nothing at all
I can do for these.

But all night long
I nibble at fate.
I'm named, sweet lady,
"It's Not Too Late."

I nibble at the rope
Till the last strands part
That bind cold wisdom
To the wishes of the heart.

—ANGELA CYPHER

•

Dear Sisters—I have been reading your clothes budgets and decided to send in mine as I am very interested in keeping this down but I find that although I buy clothes at sales and economize where I can I am up around $200.00. I kept strict account since last June as follows: 8 dresses, $39.29, 1 pleated skirt (white) $5.00; 1 sweater $2.00; 1 blouse $4.00; 13 shoes $29.95; coolie coat $5.00; summer coat $2.00 (made this); dresses cleaned and coat $7.50; hair, water waved, nail polish, gloves cleansed, etc. $7.50; winter coat $70.00.

I make $28.00 a week and budget it as follows, not keeping a strict budget, but this past winter have been doing better; board and room $12.00; carfare and lunches $3.60; bank $4.60; Christmas Club $1.00; insurance 35c; clothes about $4.00; amusement about $1.50, including soap and toothpaste, haircuts, etc. Will someone write to me? O.F.—*Boston Globe.*

With stamps at 2c!

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On the 130-inch wheelbase, powered by World Champion 122-horsepower straight eight engine. Safety glass throughout. Price $2050 at the factory. Six wire wheels and luggage grid standard. Bumpers and spare tires extra. Also available with wood wheels as a Business Coupe for 2 passengers—large luggage compartment in place of rumble seat.

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

OVERSET

ONLY the most ingenuous layman could suspect that this page comes out even each week without considerable and sometimes painful surgery on the proof sheets. For instance, last week's gentle musings on Owen Wister's "Roosevelt" dealt with a subject so provocative that I found myself rattling on and on, and no little amputation was therefore necessary. Like the frugal housewife who conjures up quite a snack out of the remnants in the icebox, I too find myself succumbing occasionally to the temptation to fish the odds and ends of overset out of the scrap basket and make them into just such a patchwork piece as this one.

It happens this way. In reading the war chapters of Mr. Wister's loving volume, the thought of the four Roosevelt sons marching off to war invoked a moment of idle but pleasant speculation as to what a jolly afternoon would have been spent by all at Sagamore Hill on April 6, 1917, had any one of the four been minded, for one reason or another, to evade such service. If I found myself even mildly regretting that no such revolt occurred, the regret, I suspect, was born of an old irritation at the outrageous phrase, then current and pat, that this or that father had "given" his sons to the army. This meditation, in turn, summoned suddenly out of the past the long mislaid memory of an unchronicled skirmish which took place more than thirty years ago on the streets of Albany.

A mountaineer lad, whom I chanced to know and admire in later years, had come down from the lumber camps to get his book learning at the state capital, and was on his way from school to his lodgings one afternoon, when a scion of the *haute noblesse* said something sassy to him. Now this youngster, whom I knew, had a kind of Neanderthal strength. In later years, he could break a jaw by an effortless gesture with his open hand, and even as a kid, he was fraught with peril. On this afternoon in Albany long ago, he indulged himself in one sock at the offender, who immediately, and for the same strategic reasons which governed Joffre in the late summer of 1914, took to his heels. The mountain boy chased him all the way home, pausing only when, to his horror, he saw his dressy adversary seeking refuge in the executive mansion.

Instantly my friend realized what he, a nobody from the lumber camps, had done. Being only eight or thereabouts, he was quite prepared to believe that one could be sent to the chair for poking the Governor's son in the nose. At once his vengeful run subsided into a discreetly intent walk as he went his way, yearning for some protective coloration and trying to look as much as possible like a good boy conning over the morrow's geography lesson. But his retreat was halted by fearful and warlike ructions behind him. Looking apprehensively over his shoulder, he saw his recent adversary—Archie or Quentin, I forget which Roosevelt boy it was—returning to the charge, coming toward him at full speed with fists clenched, but with a certain look of reluctance on his face and tears streaming down his cheeks. Behind the boy, with not only fists but teeth clenched, came the Governor himself, urging his son on to battle and following up to make sure that the youngster would fear God and take his own part.

THEN as I read through the letters from Roosevelt—nearly a hundred of them—which Mr. Wister had received and treasured through the years, I realized how elliptical a portrait they provided, how many of them, indeed, were just hasty lines revealing nothing much about Roosevelt except that he was going out of town that day, say, or that he wanted Owen Wister to visit Sagamore Hill; letters, in short, that would have been published at all only on the theory that any pen-scratch of Theodore Roosevelt's should be preserved as imperishable. And—naughtily, perhaps—I could not help recalling the safe-deposit box full of yellowing missives, which one of our veteran actresses accumulated through half a century. By sheer longevity, she achieved, at last, a kind of fame, enough, at least, for one of our magazines to send a ghost-writer in quest of her autobiography. The old lady felt some delicacy about admitting alien eyes to that treasure-chest of memory. There were letters there, she confessed, from most of the outstanding men of the eighties and nineties, letters which she herself had not gone over for years and of which she had forgotten most of the contents, but which, apparently, had, in her eyes, been drawing compound interest in glamour ever since she laid them away. After all, would it be right for her to desecrate their privacy?

The ghost-writer, licking his chops by this time, overbore her scruples and eventually got the box open. The letters, hundreds of them, were from men like Grover Cleveland, Joseph Jefferson, Chauncey Depew, William Dean Howells, or Mark Twain, and most of them, dragged forth at last into the harsh light of latter-day publicity, were in some such vein of tender intimacy as this:

> My dear Mrs. So-and-So:
>
> I regret that a previous engagement will prevent my accepting your kind invitation to come to tea on the tenth inst.

ALL of which cleaning up leaves me space to add one or two more to the aforesaid Woollcott Questionnaire. Here they are:

> **12. What was the origin of the slang, current a little more than a quarter of a century ago, which used "skiddoo, twenty-three for yours" as a term of rather brusque dismissal?**
>
> **13. How does it happen that the smoking-room steward on every trans-Atlantic voyage can count on finding among the first-class, as the saying goes, passengers at least one man who is an egregious enough exhibitionist to be willing to auction off the pool?**

And finally, in the matter of verbal aversions to which I confessed a few weeks ago, have you noticed this curious phenomenon? Any writer who uses "anent," "hectic," and "meticulous" found everything "intriguing" a few years ago and is still unable to set down the adjective "frank" without preceding it by the adverb "brutally." It isn't known why.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, AUG. 27

FOR several seasons now, French novelists, boulevard playwrights, poets, historical experts on the last days of Louis XV, Socialist workmen—in fact, anyone with the price of the passage who also knew how to read and liked to write—have been going out to New York for a month and on their return have been publishing an authoritative volume in which the United States was treated financially, socially, intellectually, industrially, and so on—including inaccurately. The last straw in this series has appeared in the form of "Scènes de la Vie Future," by Georges Duhamel, which within a few weeks of its appearance was in its fifty-fifth edition.

MONSIEUR DUHAMEL is an important and many-sided French literary figure; he was Goncourt prizeman in 1918, is a doctor, author of more than a dozen books on current world questions without answers, of two books of criticism, five on the theatre, two of poesy, and has been a *Nouvelle Revue Française* man.

Perhaps the bilious tone of M. Duhamel's new book came from his approaching New York via New Orleans, where, as a distinguished visiting foreigner, he was forced by the immigration laws to stand on deck with a federal thermometer under his tongue and have his eyes searched for conjunctivitis and his private life for bigamy and diseases which only the American government can mention without apologizing. This experience may have made M. Duhamel feel a bit contrary; anyhow, fifteen chapters exclusively devoted to the weak points of America was the result.

Apparently M. Duhamel met all the wrong conditions without ever meeting any of the right people. His first synthetic American type is, he asserts, both cultured and intelligent, "one of those intelligent Americans who know that Constantinople is not in France." (In brief, nothing like an intelligent French friend who once addressed our letters to San Francisco, Caledonia.) To add to our disbelief in his culture, the American offers

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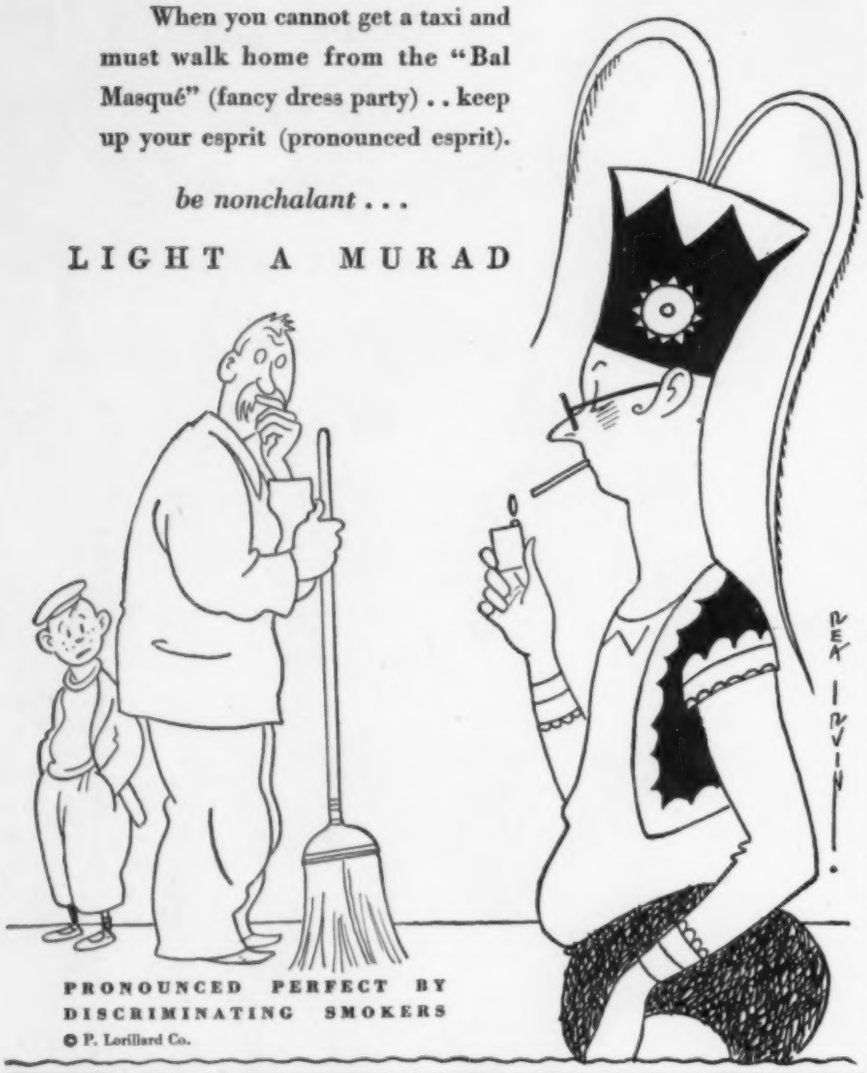

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M. Duhamel Coca-Cola and root beer before finally loosening up with some fine French brandy. The second specimen, a woman, lifts her skirt well above her knees when she drives her car, and has run over "only a few Negroes" (just two); but not fatally—"since they're so hard to kill," she adds. On the night Hoover was elected, M. Duhamel meets a nice Middle-Western mother selling, not votes for Smith as might be expected, but her daughter in marriage to a nasty, salivating old millionaire. He also sees grocery clerks salivating apples to polish them.

It is the chapter on Chicago, though, "that cancer, that tumor," which has raised the collective hair of France with news of stockyards whose smell, to M. Duhamel, "seems the natural secret odor of American luxury." Lake Michigan irritates him "because it's as big as an ocean but isn't one;" the Mississippi he describes as being "invisible, crawling between dikes like a prisoner ashamed." Indeed, on Page 113, he gives America up as a bad job, "an absurd moral climate where swarms not a great people but the odds and ends of peoples and races." However, he goes on about the country for another hundred and fifteen pages which, being more academic, are the best in the book.

M. Duhamel is a serious and honorable writer, and a patriot. It is in an effort to save his beloved, traditional France (and we hope he does) from the standard Americanization it eagerly craves that he has written his warning. But for its deplorable popularity and wide dissemination, it would not merit a mention. To an American of any percentage, the picture of America it gives seems preposterous. To certain Frenchmen, however, it does, unfortunately, seem natural.

LES grandes vacances are over; this is proved by the fact that they have just begun at Deauville. Its *Grande Semaine* is always snobbishly scheduled to fall after all the little Parisian shopkeepers have returned from their immemorially dated August fortnight. This is the big season for establishments catering to American buyers, August being the time when the great dressmakers pass their winter collections before the assembled eyes of *commissionaires* from Miami, Berlin, London, Rome, and even France. It may interest you to learn that half as many American buyers of lingerie, parasols, and cute handbags came here as did a

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year ago, and with only one-third the credits. Does Mr. Hoover know that?

OF the fifty and more regularly listed Parisian theatres, twenty-six are closed and the only problem is what can be keeping the other two dozen up so late. Apparently the answer is nudes and grand opera. The stomach dancers at the Folies-Bergère and the fire dancers in the "Walküre" must keep carrying on in the interests of butter-and-egg culture no matter who else is sleeping under blankets and wishing they were there.

Also, Ted Lewis has just had a two weeks' ovation at the Empire and Jack Hylton has just been given the decoration of the Legion of Honor for distinguished service on the saxophone.

MAURICE CHEVALIER has just appeared at the Paramount in his first California sun-kissed French talkie, entitled "La Grande Mare." To Parisians, until now forced to hear even their own stars making love in English, the innovation is important and marks the beginning of the end of Hollywood's hitherto implacably unilingual policy, further hastened by the establishment of multi-lingual talking studios here at Joinville.

In past days Joinville, a little river resort of *guinguettes*, fish-fry booths, and five-sou dance halls, was famous on Monday nights as the meeting place for streetwalkers and their bully boys. To the sound of its accordion orchestras and occasional revolver shots could be seen light-heartedly waltzing some of the most famous *promenoir* girls and handsome apaches that the underworld boasted. Such good times, of course, will come again no more, what with half the discarded, talented foreign stars, cast out of Hollywood because of their accent, now on the lots.

With the Prefect's implacable shutting out of all Russian films, Paris movie fare has recently been limited to the intellectual antics of French cinematographic experimenters, Hottentot travel films, and Hollywood hotsy-totsies. The presence near Paris of an international talkie studio where each film will be done in half a dozen languages may help the situation. Then again, of course, it may not. —GENÊT

•

"My Lover is a Muleteer"....De Nogero
"Gone" .....Link
"My Love's an Arbutus".....(Old Irish)
—*From a radio program.*

What is this thing called love?

MUSICAL EVENTS

So Another Stadium Season Becomes History — Roxy the Resurrector

WHAT probably was the most successful semester at the Lewisohn Stadium has passed into the hands of statisticians for further analysis, and all manner of compilations concerning the frequency of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and the commercial magnetism of Ravel's "Bolero" are now available for your disposal. The doings on the City College playground still are the most important item in our summer music. There are fervid confectors of letters to music editors who insist that a more extensive tribute to the output of Bruckner and Mahler would make the Stadium Concerts a far, far better thing; there also are scriveners who yearn publicly for a dose of Schönberg and a level tablespoonful of Alban Berg. Some patrons sigh wishfully for bigger and better conductors, lamenting that Dr. Muck is not on exhibition and that Dr. Stokowski does not operate near Convent Avenue.

It is simple enough to pile up a catalogue of innovations that might be put into effect, but the Stadium has done well by its customers. The performances usually are well routined, if not always rehearsed to the last staccato dot. The programs present as much variety as the exigencies of necessarily limited rehearsal sessions and the wear and tear on instrumentalists and conductors will permit. As a focal point for meeting or reviewing the staples of the orchestral repertoire, the Stadium remains invaluable.

IN the dozen years or so of the Stadium there have been three phases. When the stone seats were ample to contain the clientele and the field sported only a few tables for the elect, there were many gala nights on which operatic celebrities and other notables battled vehemently with the acoustics. In the early days of the Van Hoogstraten régime, there was a period of austerity. Strictly symphonic evenings were the order, with no soloists except the winners of the Stadium auditions. (One misses those amusing ordeals.) Then

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there came occasional fancy delicacies, such as massive Wagnerian festivals, requiems, and the Ninth Symphony with a platform full of choristers. A Tom Thumb battle seemed imminent when Miss St. Denis, Mr. Shawn, and their disciples invaded the coliseum. It was a little shocking to discover the orchestra on terra firma, while the dancers gave off their frenzies on the platform; but the town enjoyed the spectacle, and now we have an agreeable blend of music for its own sake and music for the sake of a show. The Denishawns have become part of the curriculum, along with Anna Duncan, George Gershwin, and the Hall Johnson Choir. Mr. Coates, a guest conductor who is not nearly so transient as most itinerant directors, almost turned the Stadium into a *Festspielhaus* with a singularly operatic Wagnerian program, and don't be surprised if you hear about music drama, with costumes, scenery, and bravo-shouters before the Stadium Concerts are many years older. Possibly a wish is uncle to the thought; but maybe—

NOT much that issues from the loudspeaker is material for music-reviewers, unless one happens to be working on a thesis about Victor Herbert, in which case one can assemble the required listening in any one evening. The gentlemen who pay—and generously—for the entertainments that are provided are not disposed to cast before the auditors anything too substantial; and when anything as ambitious as an excerpt from "Scheherazade" or a decimation of the "Unfinished" Symphony is performed under business auspices, it usually is preceded with a hullabaloo paralleled only by the advent of a new heavyweight from the Latin countries.

Roxy's Sunday-afternoon programs, however, are not, strictly speaking, bids for patronage. They are concerts, and recently they have become uncommonly interesting. Mr. Littau, who conducts the excellent ensemble, is be-

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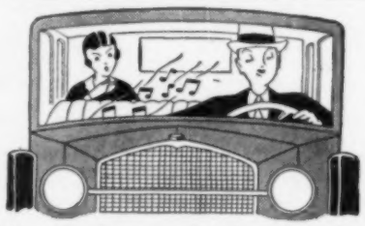

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ginning to neglect the superannuated favorites and to dig out of the libraries symphonies that are pleasantly unfamiliar. Within a few weeks, he has produced the First and Third Symphonies of Tschaikowsky, to the astonishment of those who had hitherto believed that Tschaikowsky began numbering his symphonies at No. 4, in the manner, as Deems Taylor once observed, of a man who starts his chequebook with No. 50.

These symphonies may be immature precursors of the final three, but they are well worth an occasional hearing; and Roxy has done a genuine service in presenting them in place of their ubiquitous relatives. The Third Symphony sounds like a sketch for the "Pathétique." The first movement contains a march that came out better in the Sixth Symphony, and there is much of the restless groping which took direction in the later works. Of the six symphonies, it seems the least important. The First, however, is thoroughly effective, and Mr. Littau released it with a light touch that spared some of the turgid passages. Probably the Second, with its ingenious little march movement and its Ukrainian finale, is on the way.

Some of us like to hear these deserted compositions, and Roxy, who has no box office to consider when he plans his Sunday afternoons, seems the logical sponsor for more curios. Possibly he is thinking even now of Spohr's "Consecration of Sounds," which was the "Pathétique" of the sixties; Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony; or, to move a little farther from the museum, Sibelius' Second Symphony. In any event, he already has brought no little joy to those of us who fancy occasional adventures with what Eric Blom has called the stepchildren of music.

—R. A. S.

•

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YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

Enterprise Steps Out — The Fleet from Newport — With a Red Hand

SINCE all our Cup defenders had been running true all summer to the form they set for themselves soon after they were built, it seemed practically impossible that any one of them could sail a race that would surprise the selection committee. Enterprise for very light airs, Weetamoe as fastest for all-around sailing, Yankee a variable possibility in heavier weather, and Whirlwind quite useless, spoiled by some flaw in her balance under sail—the committee as well as casual yachtsmen following the trials had considered them definitely established in their categories. When Enterprise suddenly stood away from Weetamoe in the blowy weather of the second official trial, the people watching from other boats realized that they were seeing the first definite drama of the year.

IT was a stormy victory. Smallest of the defenders, little Enterprise thrashed through seas cut up under her forefoot in great triangular sheets of spray, like wild reflections of her sails. Sometimes the mark of the foam-sail left its stain thirty feet up on the racing canvas. In a big sweater and a pair of old trousers, Harold Vanderbilt sailed her for all the gear would stand. The crew in their white suits crouched astern. Five minutes across the line they were soaking wet, and tired at the end of the thirty-mile course as seagoing men seldom get on boats made for the dull utilities of trade. Behind the sloops came the fleet that every racing day puts out of the rocky bottleneck of Newport harbor—blunt launches, Cape Cod catboats with a dirty sail helping the sputtering engine under the hatch, trim little gasoline cruisers pushing along with the huge steam and motor yachts of visiting millionaires: Corsair, Iolanda, Hi-Esmaro. The people on them felt at the end of the day that Enterprise was sure to be chosen to defend the Cup, as she was.

NEITHER Weetamoe nor Enterprise had raced before in a real breeze. They had been scheduled to

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start after Whirlwind and Yankee in the seventh race of the observation series, but never crossed the line. That day on the course, Whirlwind's headboard blew out and the mainsail of Enterprise ripped where a reef had been taken in it. Throughout the New York Yacht Club cruise, Weetamoe was consistently faster than Enterprise when the breeze showed more than six knots. The general feeling was that Mr. Vanderbilt was the smartest skipper and Weetamoe the best boat, but since in America's Cup defence races skippers cannot be divorced from their craft, they rate merely as part of the yacht's rigging; the committee's job is to consider boat and man as one. It was a personal vindication for Mr. Vanderbilt that he, a light-weather skipper, could step along in a blow.

UNDER racing sail, Shamrock V looked as tidy a sloop as we expected from a previous glimpse of her in drydock. Her beam seems to give her an ability, lacking in our boats without exception, of moving fast before the wind. When it was finally set up, the racing mast proved to be in three sections—the short lower part that was used with the jury sails for her ocean crossing, a fifty-foot section that sockets into this, and a short, blunt headpiece, five feet long. Besides two sets of wide spreaders there are two sets of smaller ones for diamond shrouds. At her masthead is the blue burgee of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club of Belfast—a British crown in gold, embroidered over a red hand. The hand, in case you are interested, derives from a pleasant legend about a North of Ireland yachtsman who cut his hand off and threw it ashore, to beat out a rival under the Irish rule that a boat winning a yacht race was the boat whose skipper was the first to put his hand on the beach. —N. B., JR.

•

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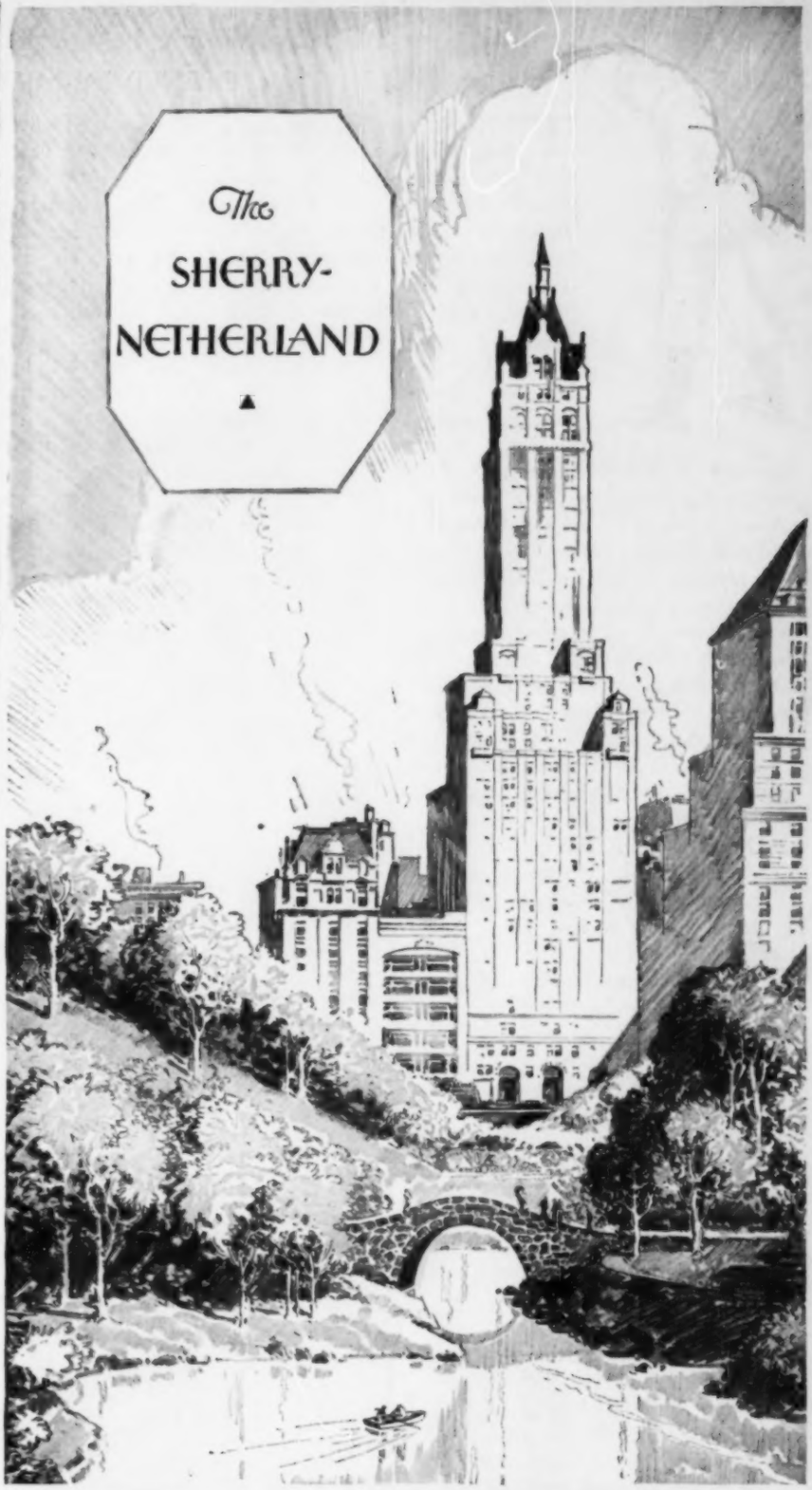
—MARNE



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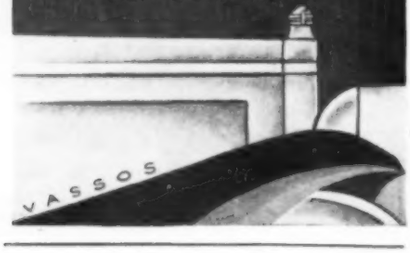

THE DADA CITY–III

VOICES AT UNION SQUARE

THERE are (every day there (are there?) are) there every day tens of, I mean hundreds of, thousands THOUSANDS of (men women: hurrying the tall man the fat women the gray (face as if crackling) the two and in shawls. He has a long nose rooting in a brownish beard and all (hurrying) their feet freckling the sidewalk. It is like a boardwalk: the holiday glitter of a Nedick's stand and across the street the open park-space (oceanlike) dilates the air. Pausing by the subway the newsstand the sleek pale young man but (an eye like a burnt match, as) everyone else: the men the (women?) men) women hurrying past the windows belching BARGAIN $100,000.00 CLOSING OUT ENTIRE STOCK BIG SALE SILK HOSE SPECIAL FORCED to SELL to MOVE to CUT PRICES IN HALF: BIG SALE AT F. & W. GRAND 5–10–25–50–74–86–99–$1.09–$1.34 is too much. Let's go see what they have at Klein's. MONEY BACK within FIVE DAYS.

"Hello babe—"

"HOW much is that *Art Lovers Camera Studies* I'll take a *Collier's*—" The pale young man has bought a *Collier's*. He turns away and (the three egglike men slowly walking talking earnestly the man in the blue suit with the lady in the fur coat) the four girls skittering chattering.

"Cmon Mae—"

"Elissn Mae wadja Ma say wen ya cmin lass niyut—?"

"Less get across a street ssa guy follin us—"

(Like peanut brittle laughing) chattering: and the sleek young man, his eye like a burnt match (but a spark gleaming).

"*Wad she say Mae—?*"

HIGH over the roofs the Consolidated Gas Company has hung a columned temple like a picture on the wall: a picture too high for one to reach to straighten it and it is swaying. There is a lesson there.

There is a lesson in that sudden silence when the red light halts the crosstown traffic, and the trolley tracks, worn but smiling, gaze up placidly at the sun: when the Painless Dentist sign peering down from the second-story window sees only four girls chattering, glancing back and laughing, crossing

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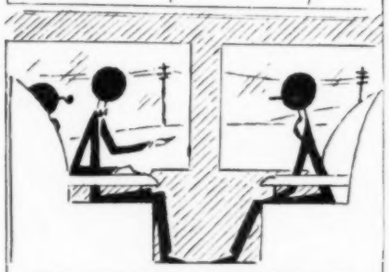

SO YOU'RE STOPPING AT THE ASTOR . . WELL! WELL!

So are we all! For one brief pause before we go to work again, we want the luxury of an Astor bed–the cool spaciousness of an Astor guest room–the nice civilities of Astor service . . . Sometimes we wonder why we left New York at all!

FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM

the drained-empty street; and a pale young man, houndlike grinning, following them.

There is a lesson there for you and for me, but (you on the sidewalk) you are hurrying. You hurry your way. I'll hurry my way. I am hurrying after that man with the thin sleek face: he is following those girls and the girls are splitting up at the corner. Two going uptown and one going downtown. The fat girl is standing there, waiting for the lights to change.

("Hello babe—")

IT was just as if he had dropped there, just as if slowly dropping out of the sky:

down past OLD GOLDS—
down past Ida's Beauty Parlor—
down past College of BALL ROOM Dancing—
down past PROPPER's Sample Shoes—
down past Chop Suey—
down past DIAMONDS—
down past Pineapple Drink—

As if (as she afterward said) he had dropped right out of the sky and there he was standing smiling where they all were standing watching her. (We had all been watching her. Maybe in a few years she would be too fat but now her legs were plump beneath her blue skirt, her eyes glancing behind long lashes: now for two minutes (while the lights were red in Fourteenth Street) she would be beautiful. She ignored us.) We watched her and from up and down Fourth Avenue clicking shuttling past (like Time overtaking itself: in each a man with his watch in his hand) the taxicabs.

No man, no woman could hope to breast that current: like a dainty maiden helpless at the river's brim she stood on the curbstone and he with his smile his glowing eyes, beside her. Faintly, over the flowing street, came music from a radio store. The sky was blue. It was quarter to one by the Central Savings Bank clock; five minutes past

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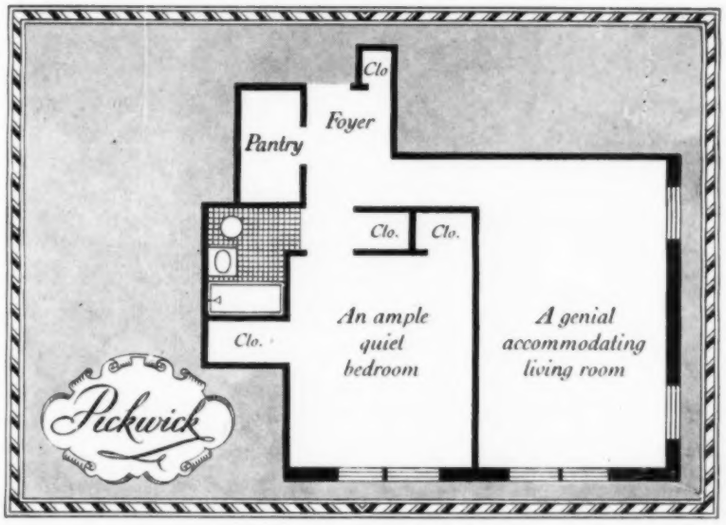

PICKWICK (we named the apartments at The Town House because they are so individual, so different they seem to have definite personalities) will make a home for you the moment you meet him. He's full of unexpected comfort and cheer. He'll produce the most intriguing good things from his serving pantry (it should be called a kitchen—it has a gas stove, silent gas refrigerator and all that). He'll rest you at the end of the day in his cheerful living room. His bedroom is quiet and large enough for two people—and all the furniture they need. And he has large closets for storing all kinds of things.

PICKWICK is extremely modern—he has adjustable shaving lights and a shower mixer in the bath; chromium fixtures; khrome marble baseboards; polished cork floors; soundproof walls and floors; efficient ventilation in the bath and serving pantry. And he includes maid service and gas for the refrigerator in his rent.

PICKWICK has a fatherly interest in young business couples and hopes you'll come see him today. (The office is open from 8:30 A.M. to 9 P.M.) He's at The Town House, with his nieces and nephews, the 1, 3 and 4 room apartments.

Meeting an apartment with a personality will prove a pleasant surprise.

This is Pickwick's complete serving pantry. Notice the ample shelves and efficient stove.

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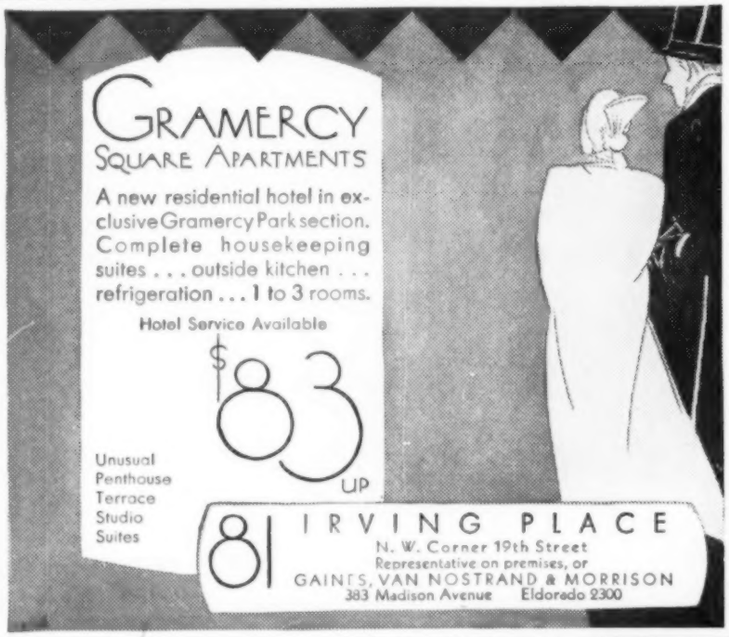
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by the Gas Company. It was the time for love.

She smiled.

He smiled.

"Hello babe—"

LITTLE girl, you're beautiful. You're NEAT. Your drowsy caterpillar eyes, lazily waving long lashes at me. Your lips. Your nose powdered white, like a little snow-mound between your china-red cheeks. You're SWEET. I like your tight little hat. Your clinking glass bracelets. The pink-and-blue whoopee socks you wear on your FEET. You can't be BEAT. You're the one girl I've wanted to MEET. Let's go take a bus ride. An all-alone-with-us ride. Let's go to a movie or something.

"Cmon babe—"

THAT was the last we saw of them: he squeezing her arm and guiding her across the street perhaps to the Academy of Music or the Tango Palace or perhaps the Irving Place BURLESK Big Double Bill as (the lights changing) the clicking course of the taxis slowing, halting: but I have discovered something. I will tell you or the Editor of the *Graphic*. Sir: It is a small matter but I have discovered that it is not Time clicking overtaking itself as the taxis race up Fourth Avenue but instead a loose manhole cover at the corner of Fourteenth Street. It is a small matter but as each taxi reaches the corner its course almost inevitably is such that one front and one rear wheel pass over this manhole cover, producing a sound, thus: "Kla-*kling*, kla-*kling*." It is a small matter in itself but one which when kept up constantly can I assure you drive men mad and may already have done so. Cannot the city keep its manhole covers in order? —ROBERT M. COATES

•

SKY SEINE

A moon like a silver minnow
Is caught in the elm tree's net.
The blowing sky flows through the snare
Nor tangles there; the wet
Foam of cloud floats over,
The swirling stars swim free;
The woven branches' windy web
From night's deep sea
Dips only this small minnow moon
That curving bright
Slips suddenly between the boughs
And dives from sight.

—JEAN BATCHELOR

MUSICAL EVENTS

So Another Stadium Season Becomes History — Roxy the Resurrector

WHAT probably was the most successful semester at the Lewisohn Stadium has passed into the hands of statisticians for further analysis, and all manner of compilations concerning the frequency of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and the commercial magnetism of Ravel's "Bolero" are now available for your disposal. The doings on the City College playground still are the most important item in our summer music. There are fervid confectors of letters to music editors who insist that a more extensive tribute to the output of Bruckner and Mahler would make the Stadium Concerts a far, far better thing; there also are scriveners who yearn publicly for a dose of Schönberg and a level tablespoonful of Alban Berg. Some patrons sigh wishfully for bigger and better conductors, lamenting that Dr. Muck is not on exhibition and that Dr. Stokowski does not operate near Convent Avenue.

It is simple enough to pile up a catalogue of innovations that might be put into effect, but the Stadium has done well by its customers. The performances usually are well routined, if not always rehearsed to the last staccato dot. The programs present as much variety as the exigencies of necessarily limited rehearsal sessions and the wear and tear on instrumentalists and conductors will permit. As a focal point for meeting or reviewing the staples of the orchestral repertoire, the Stadium remains invaluable.

IN the dozen years or so of the Stadium there have been three phases. When the stone seats were ample to contain the clientele and the field sported only a few tables for the elect, there were many gala nights on which operatic celebrities and other notables battled vehemently with the acoustics. In the early days of the Van Hoogstraten régime, there was a period of austerity. Strictly symphonic evenings were the order, with no soloists except the winners of the Stadium auditions. (One misses those amusing ordeals.) Then

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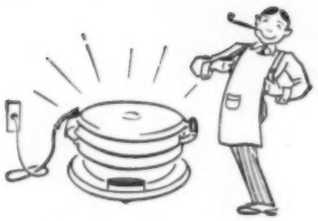

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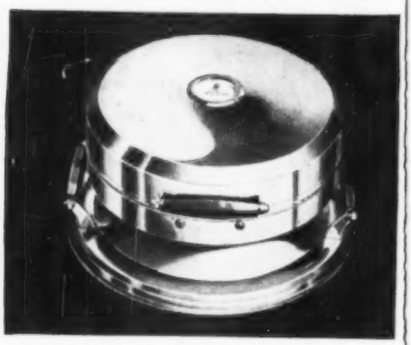

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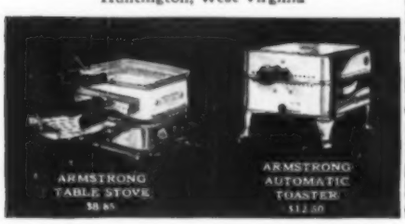

there came occasional fancy delicacies, such as massive Wagnerian festivals, requiems, and the Ninth Symphony with a platform full of choristers. A Tom Thumb battle seemed imminent when Miss St. Denis, Mr. Shawn, and their disciples invaded the coliseum. It was a little shocking to discover the orchestra on terra firma, while the dancers gave off their frenzies on the platform; but the town enjoyed the spectacle, and now we have an agreeable blend of music for its own sake and music for the sake of a show. The Denishawns have become part of the curriculum, along with Anna Duncan, George Gershwin, and the Hall Johnson Choir. Mr. Coates, a guest conductor who is not nearly so transient as most itinerant directors, almost turned the Stadium into a *Festspielhaus* with a singularly operatic Wagnerian program, and don't be surprised if you hear about music drama, with costumes, scenery, and bravo-shouters before the Stadium Concerts are many years older. Possibly a wish is uncle to the thought; but maybe—

NOT much that issues from the loudspeaker is material for music-reviewers, unless one happens to be working on a thesis about Victor Herbert, in which case one can assemble the required listening in any one evening. The gentlemen who pay—and generously—for the entertainments that are provided are not disposed to cast before the auditors anything too substantial; and when anything as ambitious as an excerpt from "Scheherazade" or a decimation of the "Unfinished" Symphony is performed under business auspices, it usually is preceded with a hullabaloo paralleled only by the advent of a new heavyweight from the Latin countries.

Roxy's Sunday-afternoon programs, however, are not, strictly speaking, bids for patronage. They are concerts, and recently they have become uncommonly interesting. Mr. Littau, who conducts the excellent ensemble, is be-

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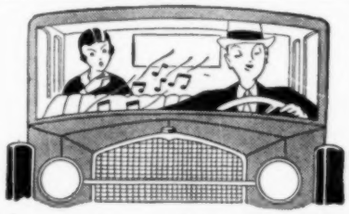

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ginning to neglect the superannuated favorites and to dig out of the libraries symphonies that are pleasantly unfamiliar. Within a few weeks, he has produced the First and Third Symphonies of Tschaikowsky, to the astonishment of those who had hitherto believed that Tschaikowsky began numbering his symphonies at No. 4, in the manner, as Deems Taylor once observed, of a man who starts his chequebook with No. 50.

These symphonies may be immature precursors of the final three, but they are well worth an occasional hearing; and Roxy has done a genuine service in presenting them in place of their ubiquitous relatives. The Third Symphony sounds like a sketch for the "Pathétique." The first movement contains a march that came out better in the Sixth Symphony, and there is much of the restless groping which took direction in the later works. Of the six symphonies, it seems the least important. The First, however, is thoroughly effective, and Mr. Littau released it with a light touch that spared some of the turgid passages. Probably the Second, with its ingenious little march movement and its Ukrainian finale, is on the way.

Some of us like to hear these deserted compositions, and Roxy, who has no box office to consider when he plans his Sunday afternoons, seems the logical sponsor for more curios. Possibly he is thinking even now of Spohr's "Consecration of Sounds," which was the "Pathétique" of the sixties; Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony; or, to move a little farther from the museum, Sibelius' Second Symphony. In any event, he already has brought no little joy to those of us who fancy occasional adventures with what Eric Blom has called the stepchildren of music.

—R. A. S.

•

In our store we employ both Democrats and Republicans. We stand by you people thru thick and thin, thru sickness and death—thru poverty and riches, contribute to the churches, donate to charity, help pay the taxes, help build the roads, set up with the sick, help crank your Ford, churn the milk, give the baby Castoria, feed the hounds, save you money, endorse your note, mail your letter, lick your stamps, and give you the finest Groceries that money can buy, at the lowest price possible, yet there are people who will patronize one of these Wall Street Chain Stores.—*Adv. of C. L. Friddle, General Merchandise and Meats, in the Moorefield (W. Va.) Examiner.*

Maybe you babied them too much.

WHY MORE MEN ARE BUYING STETSON HATS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND

IT MAY seem strange, but it's true: more Stetson hats are sold, from eight dollars up, than any other hat you ever heard of, *no matter how low the price.*

Men who care about their personal appearance do not regard Stetsons as "high" in price. They buy them because in a Stetson hat they get qualities no other hat gives, they refuse to be content with anything less, and they know that in dollar-for-dollar value, Stetson stands alone.

They know that Stetson styling is authentic—that the right people choose Stetsons to start fashions. They know that the traditional quality in Stetson hats insures their upstanding, outstanding rightness through rain or shine. It is certainly true economy to get a hat that will continue to look well. And as far as the name is concerned—you know yourself that a Stetson is the hat a man is glad to hold so that the trade-mark shows . . . just a little.

The rightness of this new Stetson snap-brim, the "Avenue," is so apparent that we expect to see it widely copied. That doesn't worry us. We know from experience that most people will want the original. It has a higher tapered crown, and the brim is slightly flared, giving a good deal more style than the average snap-brim. $10. Stetsons now start at $8.

STETSON HATS

JOHN B. STETSON CO., PHILADELPHIA

Makers of finest quality fur felt hats, straws, panamas, leghorns, silk top hats, opera hats, caps. Sold at the better stores.

LOOK AT YOUR HAT—EVERYONE ELSE DOES

PROVE for yourself that the new Blue Dunlop has just as much distance as the old sized ball. Buy one from your pro today. Watch the yardage you get from the tee and on the fairway. *Durable? Accurate?* Of course. But above everything else, this new Blue Dunlop is crammed and packed with *distance*. At your pro's, now.

DISTANCE

The imported

DUNLOP

$1

MESH OR RECESSED MARKING

YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

Enterprise Steps Out — The Fleet from Newport — With a Red Hand

SINCE all our Cup defenders had been running true all summer to the form they set for themselves soon after they were built, it seemed practically impossible that any one of them could sail a race that would surprise the selection committee. Enterprise for very light airs, Weetamoe as fastest for all-around sailing, Yankee a variable possibility in heavier weather, and Whirlwind quite useless, spoiled by some flaw in her balance under sail—the committee as well as casual yachtsmen following the trials had considered them definitely established in their categories. When Enterprise suddenly stood away from Weetamoe in the blowy weather of the second official trial, the people watching from other boats realized that they were seeing the first definite drama of the year.

IT was a stormy victory. Smallest of the defenders, little Enterprise thrashed through seas cut up under her forefoot in great triangular sheets of spray, like wild reflections of her sails. Sometimes the mark of the foam-sail left its stain thirty feet up on the racing canvas. In a big sweater and a pair of old trousers, Harold Vanderbilt sailed her for all the gear would stand. The crew in their white suits crouched astern. Five minutes across the line they were soaking wet, and tired at the end of the thirty-mile course as seagoing men seldom get on boats made for the dull utilities of trade. Behind the sloops came the fleet that every racing day puts out of the rocky bottleneck of Newport harbor—blunt launches, Cape Cod catboats with a dirty sail helping the sputtering engine under the hatch, trim little gasoline cruisers pushing along with the huge steam and motor yachts of visiting millionaires: Corsair, Iolanda, Hi-Esmaro. The people on them felt at the end of the day that Enterprise was sure to be chosen to defend the Cup, as she was.

NEITHER Weetamoe nor Enterprise had raced before in a real breeze. They had been scheduled to

Immediate or October occupancy in well located buildings managed by the owner.

32 E. 64
near Park Avenue
12 Rooms—$7500 to $8500

16 E. 96
near Central Park
7 to 9 Rooms
$3500 to $4000

182 W. 58
Alwyn Court
14 Rooms—5 baths
(11th floor corner) $8500

157 W. 57
3 Rooms—$1800 to $1980
4 Rooms—$2400 to $3000

171 W. 57
4 Rooms—$2800
6 Rooms—3 baths—$4000 and $4200
7 Rooms—3 baths—$5200 to $5600

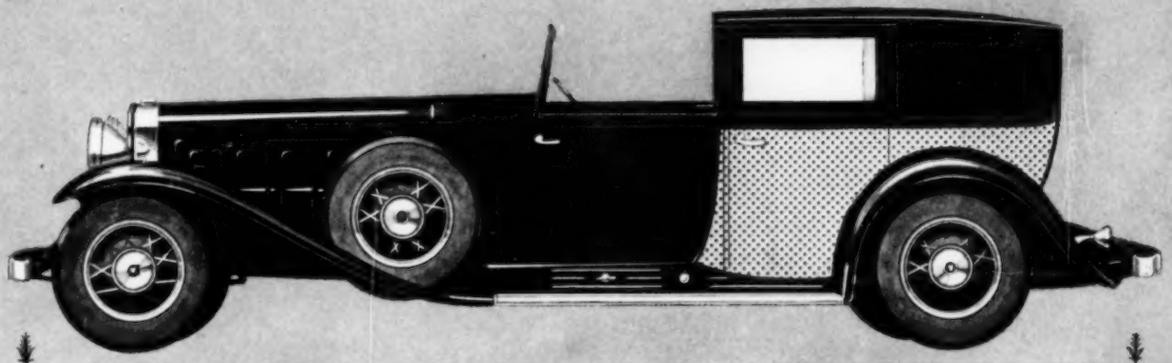
315 Central Park West
north corner 91 St.
6 Rooms—$2800 and $3800
7 Rooms—$2600
10 Rooms—$5500

27 W. 96
near Central Park
3 Rooms—$1400 up
5 Rooms—2 baths—extra lav.—$2300 up
6 Rooms—3 baths $2700 up
Pent House—
9 Rooms—3 baths—$5700

336 Central Park West
south corner 94 St.
8 Rooms—3 baths *(corner apt.)* $5900
6 Rooms—3 baths $3300 to $4800
5 Rooms—3 baths $3700
3 Rooms—$1800
Pent House—4 Rooms—$4000
5 Rooms—Tower Studio—$4800 with Terraces

Apply at buildings or

Edgar A. Levy
Est. over 25 years
505 Fifth Avenue (42 St.)
Murray Hill 6960



SIXTEEN CYLINDERS

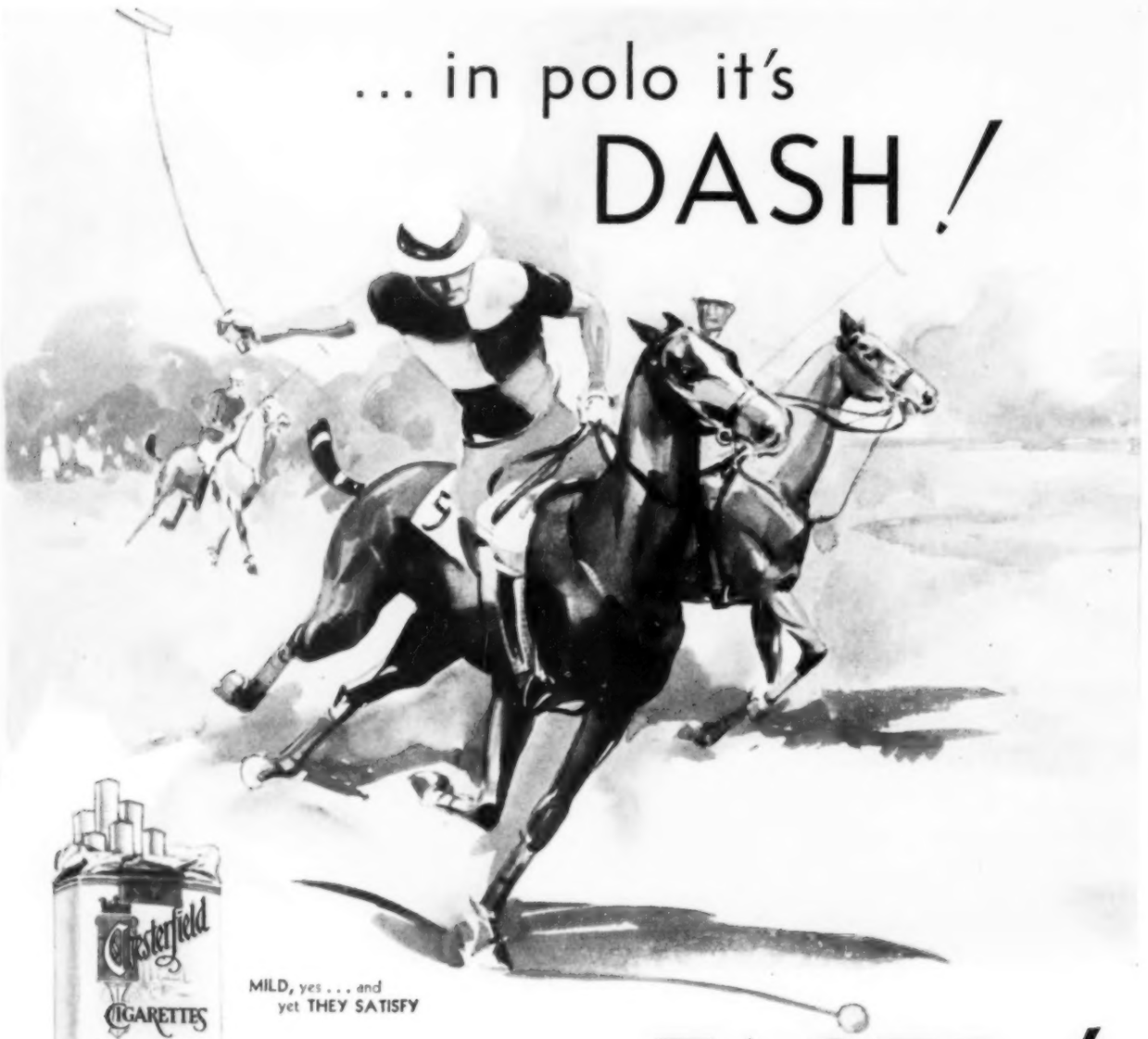
To the Cadillac V-16 has come the rare honor of universal acceptance as the last word in motoring

Priced from $5350 (for the Roadster) to $15000 f. o. b. Detroit

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

... in polo it's

DASH!



MILD, yes . . . and
yet THEY SATISFY

. . . in a cigarette it's TASTE!

PONIES marvelously trained, fast, sure-footed; daring riders, skilful play—what group of sport lovers can resist the combination?

Tobaccos patiently aged, exactly blended, rich, mild—what Chesterfield smoker has failed to note the difference? What else but such mildness coupled with unfailing good taste can account for such popularity?

Without one hint of harshness or "heaviness," Chesterfield offers you *taste* in full measure—

better taste and mildness too!

Chesterfield

SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

start after Whirlwind and Yankee in the seventh race of the observation series, but never crossed the line. That day on the course, Whirlwind's headboard blew out and the mainsail of Enterprise ripped where a reef had been taken in it. Throughout the New York Yacht Club cruise, Weetamoe was consistently faster than Enterprise when the breeze showed more than six knots. The general feeling was that Mr. Vanderbilt was the smartest skipper and Weetamoe the best boat, but since in America's Cup defence races skippers cannot be divorced from their craft, they rate merely as part of the yacht's rigging; the committee's job is to consider boat and man as one. It was a personal vindication for Mr. Vanderbilt that he, a light-weather skipper, could step along in a blow.

UNDER racing sail, Shamrock V looked as tidy a sloop as we expected from a previous glimpse of her in drydock. Her beam seems to give her an ability, lacking in our boats without exception, of moving fast before the wind. When it was finally set up, the racing mast proved to be in three sections—the short lower part that was used with the jury sails for her ocean crossing, a fifty-foot section that sockets into this, and a short, blunt headpiece, five feet long. Besides two sets of wide spreaders there are two sets of smaller ones for diamond shrouds. At her masthead is the blue burgee of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club of Belfast—a British crown in gold, embroidered over a red hand. The hand, in case you are interested, derives from a pleasant legend about a North of Ireland yachtsman who cut his hand off and threw it ashore, to beat out a rival under the Irish rule that a boat winning a yacht race was the boat whose skipper was the first to put his hand on the beach. —N. B., Jr.

•

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAS TRIED FOR MONTHS TO LOCATE ME AND HAS FINALLY DONE SO IN THE MIDDLE OF TIMES SQUARE

Wouldn't it ever
Occur to you
That the rather obvious
Thing to do
Is to treat yourself
To a furtive look
In your own Manhattan
Telephone book?

—Marne

++ RESIDENCE - APARTMENTS ++

The Sherry-Netherland is a tower of residence-apartments. The apartments vary in size. They are furnished in the manner of charming homes and serviced by a Sherry staff. Immediate inspection for fall and winter leasing. Transient arrangements are also possible.

♦

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

THE WAYWARD PRESS

OPENED BY MISTAKE

THE special Deficit-Surplus-Deficit-Surplus Publicity Department of the United States Treasury cried "Woof, woof!" twice too often the week before last and somebody got a good scolding. For a long time now we little readers of the daily press have been fed, when occasion demanded, with hand-tooled stories from the Treasury Department, first predicting a surplus for the coming year, then (when it was felt that we were in danger of spending too much for candy) foreseeing a deficit. The next week it might be a surplus. Then a deficit. Those of us who keep personal accounts and like to know just how much *is* in the United States Treasury at the start of the day were practically standing on our heads.

On August 22, it being a nice, clear day, "high Treasury officials" thought it would be fun to have a deficit, so "it was admitted," in all the papers, that we might not be able to get our one-per-cent income-tax reduction next year. Even the *Herald Tribune* had it "authoritatively disclosed" that things looked pretty black in the Treasury cash-account book. The "high Treasury officials" got their story on all the front pages and then went out on the back porch for a smoke.

They had done their work so well, however, that they not only frightened the public but President Hoover into the bargain. After a hurried conference with Secretary Mellon a special relief train loaded with statements was rushed out, reassuring the public that the pessimistic forecast had been "premature" and that "it was too early to make any definite predictions." It is to be suspected, also, that the Deficit-Surplus-Deficit-Surplus Publicity Department was called into conference and sent to bed without its supper. We will watch with interest for the next Treasury emanation, which will probably deal with what wonderful weather they are having in Washington and other general and uninflammable topics.

As usual, it was the Press which had to take the rap. Although the original story had unquestionably come direct from the Treasury Department itself, Messrs. Hoover and Mellon in their frantic followup referred to it as some scatter-brained concoction of the newspapers themselves, in the manner of a maligned vestryman denying divorce rumors in a gossip column. Secretary Mellon all but said: "It has been called to my attention that certain papers have maliciously printed, etc.," and President Hoover gave the impression that he was more hurt than angry, but that newspapers must learn that there is a difference between liberty and license. And the newspapers had to take it. Some of them protested politely that the source of the original story had been heretofore unimpeachable in its authority, but, governmental publicity being run on the dole system and the boys knowing full well that if they got too nasty they would be cut off without a shilling in the future, it was the wisest course to take the blame and say nothing. It may be a goose that lays the golden eggs, but you can't refer to it as such or it will stop laying.

We would like to bet that some-

"Sorry, gentlemen, but the story's already sold to the 'Mirror.'"

ELECTROLUX

makes your ice cheaper

than you can buy it

SUPPOSE you had a noiseless little ice plant in your home. One that made you ice for half what you probably pay now. Wouldn't you like it? That's exactly the service that Electrolux gives you.

It not only freezes your ice cubes, but maintains cold that is constant, steady. The chilling action doesn't stop and start, but goes on continuously. And it does this for only five to ten cents a day.

There's never a sound from Electrolux. Instead of machinery or moving parts it has only a tiny gas flame and a thin flow of water. There's nothing to wear and vibrate as time goes on. It will be as silent years from now as it is today.

There's nothing to bother with or to need attention. The refrigerant in Electrolux never needs renewal, because it is hermetically sealed within rigid steel. Even the tiny gas flame is guarded by an automatic shut-off that turns the gas off, should the flame ever go out.

These exclusive, definite advantages of Electrolux are the reasons for its popularity all over the country. You find it in tens of thousands of the finest homes and apartments.

And it costs no more than other refrigerators, size for size. Prices range from $195 to $430. Liberal purchase terms. Many models to choose from. See them at your gas company's display room. And for complete information by mail, write or phone Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, New York City. VANderbilt 5700.

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 9.2 sq. feet of shelf space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

Apartment homes by the *Tishman Organization* are *more* than a place to live ....they are actually a mode of living!

For Immediate Occupancy

30 EAST 71st STREET
12 Rooms

14 EAST 75th STREET
8 Rooms

911 PARK AVENUE
10 Rooms

941 PARK AVENUE
12 Rooms (Duplex)

130 EAST 75th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

175 EAST 79th STREET
3 and 6 Rooms

325 EAST 57th STREET
3, 4 and 6 Rooms

410 EAST 57th STREET
7 Rooms

For October Occupancy

1095 PARK AVENUE
5, 6 and 8 Rooms
(Under construction)

180 EAST 79th STREET
3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 Rooms
(Under construction)

885 PARK AVENUE
8, 9 and 10 Rooms

888 PARK AVENUE
10 Rooms

983 PARK AVENUE
6, 9 and 10 Rooms

125 EAST 84th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

Write for brochure of Apartments from 3 to 13 rooms

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

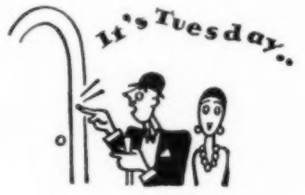
where in the publicity workings of the Treasury and State Departments there is an old Harvard University official. The way in which the press statements from these sources are handled smacks suspiciously of the newspaper-sense usually associated with those masters of public relations on the banks of the Charles River. Harvard has, at various times in its strategic dealings with reporters, announced that Negroes were not to be admitted to the Freshman dormitories and then, on the next day, issued a statement that it had no idea how the story got abroad; it has stated that the number of Jews in the University was to be limited and then caught the late-afternoon editions with a feverish denial saying that what it meant was that the number of Jews was *not* to be limited. Owing to an old Brahmin distrust of anything related to newspaper publicity, the officials of the University have compromised by issuing only such statements as could be instantly denied.

It is the same type of mind, if not the *same* mind, which handled the recent embargo on Russian wood pulp for the Government, in which the United States was presented to the world as standing first on its right ear and then on its left, ending up by falling flat on its back. Practically all of the State Department's pronunciamentos on our Russian relations, always culminating in the anticlimactic dud that we *have* no Russian relations owing to our not having recognized Russia, to say nothing of the stately dance between the State Department and Count Karolyi, have been governed by this Harvard attitude of mind which, starting with the belief that it is none of the newspapers' business, proceeds to mess things up so completely that a plumber has to be called in to shut off the water.

It might not be a bad idea to have a course in Public Relations, with special reference to newspaper publicity, at which at least one government official from each department should be compelled to attend every morning from nine to eleven.

SPEAKING of Russian relations, it seemed like old times to see our revered friend the "Riga dispatch" in the *Times* of August 21. It was always "according to dispatches from Riga" that the Soviet Government was on the verge of collapse, that Bolshevik men were eating Bolshevik babies and Bolshevik women suffering a fate worse than death on the walls of the Krem-

TUESDAY—the day when the first Speakeasy opened in New York, marking the event that certain forms of good-living had become subversive of our Constitution and had therefore been driven underground. Tuesday is also the



day when many people automatically (but not without expectant thrill) turn the dial at 8.45 p.m. to WABC, to hear The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers, put over the latest musical numbers with a relish that tingles.

BY THE SEA
NEW OCEAN HOUSE
CLEMENT E. KENNEDY ∪ PRESIDENT
SWAMPSCOTT ∪ MASSACHUSETTS
The North Shore's most famous Summer resort, offering the ultimate in service and cuisine . . . every recreational feature. Booklet.
Affiliated with Vinoy Park Hotel St. Petersburg, Fla.

STROBEL

Established 1852
will show you that you need not pay high prices for fine

FURNITURE

19-27 West 21st St. New York

When time's too short for a long cigar . . . it's time for

BETWEEN · THE · ACTS

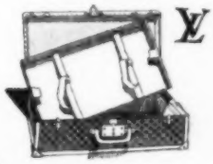
LITTLE CIGARS

10 FOR 15¢

If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

Luggage

by Louis Vuitton



Also

Luggage to Individual Order

16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK

Arthur Gilmore INC.

lin, and that, in succession, Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin had been assassinated and were being represented at council meetings by a wax figure dressed in a frock coat. The latest Riga dispatch (via London) is that the Soviet is busy stirring up unrest among the Negro masses in Africa and America. It would seem that America was doing very well by herself to stir up unrest among her Negro masses, without any help from the Soviet.

IF the *Times* wanted to arouse controversy and make copy for a dull day by asking James W. Gerard to name his fifty-nine (later increased to sixty-four) men who rule America, it did fairly well, although the story petered out rather suddenly on Mr. Gerard's statement in the *Herald Tribune* of August 26 that he really didn't mean it. Of course, there was some doubt, when the *Times* broke the story on August 21, about its source being worth Column 1 on Page 1, but the other papers picked it up and for a couple of days there was some half-hearted controversy about whether women and spiritual leaders should or should not be included. The *Times*, doubtless feeling that it had given a little undue prominence to what was essentially an *Evening Telegram* feature, dropped out early in the parlor game, but the *Herald Tribune*, possibly to show the *Times* up as an excitable old thing, hung on until August 26, when it quoted Mr. Gerard as stating that his sixty-four rulers didn't really rule in any sense of the word, that what he had meant was that they "would be most useful in building up an industrial empire," and that he didn't see why anybody had taken the thing seriously anyway. In which Mr. Gerard showed a keener news-sense than the *Times* had shown in the beginning.

Incidentally, in the *Herald Tribune's* interview with Mr. Gerard, he was given credit for performing one of the neatest tricks of the week. "Then Mr. Gerard," wrote the reporter, "laughed silently for about three minutes." Of course, the reporter doesn't really commit himself beyond saying "*about* three minutes." It may have been two and a half, but it is doubtful if it was over three, certainly not a joke as mild as the one which caused this outburst. Perhaps, since it is specified that he laughed "silently," Mr. Gerard was really doing something else for two of those minutes and just *told* the reporter that he was laughing. At any rate, Mr. Gerard and possibly the *Her-*

AROUND THE WORLD TWO CRUISES

At your choice . . . two great opportunities to travel far and wide! The FRANCONIA . . . sailing EASTWARD . . . catering to every whim of the most luxury-loving voyager . . . a famous world-cruising ship . . . inspired cuisine . . . club-like facilities for sports and amusement . . . 138 days of wonderful adventuring . . . including places never before touched by a cruising ship . . . Madras, athrob with Eastern romance . . . Belawan Deli . . . Kudat, for Borneo "local colour" . . . Bali, without change of ship or extra cost. Samarang . . . Bangkok . . . the Philippines are other high spots.

Sailing from New York January 10, 1931; returning May 28. Rates $2000 up.

WESTWARD in the SAMARIA . . . popular transatlantic liner . . . supreme comfort . . . a superlative itinerary . . . including Bali, without extra expense . . . Samarang . . . Saigon . . . Bangkok . . . 127 wonder-crowded days . . . at a radically low cost . . . $1600 up. From New York, Dec. 3; San Diego, Dec. 18; Los Angeles, Dec. 19; San Francisco, Dec. 21 . . . Back in New York April 10.

The success of both Cruises guaranteed by the combined resources and 179 years of experience of Cunard and Cook's.

Literature and full information from your local agent or

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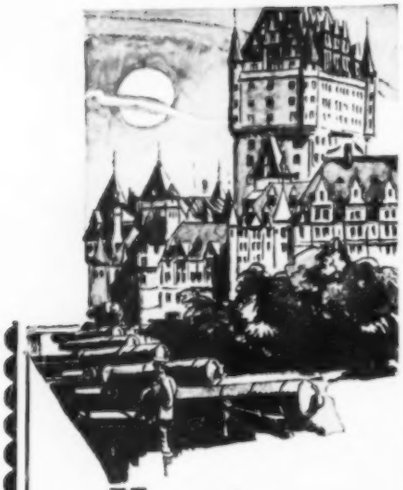

Harvest moon...
in Historic Québec

DRIVE north for a bracing holiday in Old Québec. See the quaint seventeenth-century Norman city, the stone-built villages, the curious old river-farms... never lovelier than under the harvest moon. The roads are clear, plainly marked in English and French . . . the woods are tapestries of crimson and gold . . . the farmsteads are *en fête*. At the Chateau, log-fires crackle in the great fireplaces, bright-eyed boys scamper about with trays of tea-and-muffins, and lamb's-wool comforts feel cozy on the bed-foot at night.

Plan your holiday now... by motor or fast train. Québec... 600 miles from New York... 415 miles from Boston... Full information and reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., N. Y.; 405 Boylston St., Boston; Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada.

* * *

Québec Folk Song and Handicrafts Festival... Oct. 16, 17, 18

Chateau Frontenac
A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL

ald Tribune were the only ones who knew enough to laugh.

WE don't know very much about newspaper photographs, having been fired from the old *Tribune's* rotogravure section for running pictures designed to lose the war for the Allies, but if that Associated Press photograph of the German seaplane alighting off the Battery wasn't faked, then we will eat all the buildings shown in the background. Just why it should have been necessary to fake a picture of it, when there were plenty of good ones taken, is not clear, unless the A.P. service wanted to be the first one uptown with a photograph, but if you will take your *Times* or *World* of August 27 (the *World's* especially gave the impression of having been drawn in the advertising-layout department) and compare the picture with the ones taken by the *Mirror* or the other Hearst papers, you will see what can be done by pasting one picture on top of another and then photographing the result. If we are doing the A.P. service an injustice, we apologize in advance.

THIS department is particularly glad to note that the old-time gentlemanly reticence which has kept one paper from kidding another (editorials, of course, excepted) has broken down, and now, perhaps, our particular mission of vilification will be taken over by the papers themselves. Spurred on by a contributor to H. I. Phillips' column in the *Sun*, who did a few rhymed couplets on the characteristics of the different metropolitan journals, Howard Cushman, in Frank Sullivan's berth in the *World*, tore off several more in rebuttal, ending with as excellent a summary of the *Sun's* evening news as this department could have made in five pages:

But, ah! when each long day is done
I buy my copy of the *Sun*
To read of furniture and schools
And trips through Normandy with mules
And recipes and styles in chintz
And startling finds of Indian flints
In Arkansas, and interviews
With barbers quaint who woo the Muse—
And when I've waded through this lumber,
I'm really quite composed for slumber!
The defense rests—tired, but very happy.

If Mr. Cushman will keep this sort of thing up, The Wayward Press will have to devote itself to the religious and other trade journals.

—GUY FAWKES

SOUTH AFRICA
ENJOY THE EXOTIC IN THIS FASCINATING TRAVEL-LAND

South Africa becomes more and more popular each year—because of its amazing variety of scenic wonders, natural riches, glorious climate, alien colour, and modern, luxurious travel facilities. And the voyage is an ideal holiday in itself—on famous "Castle" liners, sailing weekly from Southampton, via Madeira. Tours of exceptional interest at reduced rates. Send for illustrated booklets.

UNION-CASTLE LINE
Sanderson & Son, Inc., Agents
26 Broadway, New York, or local agents

HOME RUN!

Complete beauty kit under one stopper. Skin food, wrinkle eradicator, contour refiner, gentle bleach—2 minutes at night. Make-up foundation and shiny nose preventive—2 minutes in the morning . . . Smells keen, works fast.

COSTS THREE-FIFTY · LASTS 6 MONTHS

At your favorite Fifth Avenue store and at Abraham & Straus Beauty Salon, Brooklyn

GERANIUM CREAM

PRODUITS NINA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

PUBLIC CONFUSION AND PRIVATE SERVICE

THE NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY,

GENTLEMEN:

FOR several weeks, now, I have been meaning to write and tell you that we have our telephone books for summer, 1930, and will not need any more until it is time to tear off the little dinkus in the centre of the circle which would fit the dial, if there were a dial. It is going to be hard for you to believe this and several of the men who deliver telephone books around Washington Square are going to find it quite impossible. You will, however, simply have to take my word for it and so will they. Just treat me as you do everybody else and that will be all right. I know how considerate you always are about telephone books—calling up and asking people how many books they would like for the summer and what kind they prefer. I really don't deserve the special treatment I've been getting. Just think of me as an ordinary subscriber, won't you?

Perhaps we haven't been making as many calls lately as you would like and you have merely been dropping the books as a hint. I'll take the hint, really I will, and you'll notice an improvement. We'll go over the top next month, see if we don't. And we'll take the books, too—the ones we already have. They are nice books and it was nice of your man to leave them downstairs in the hall about a month ago so we all could take our picks.

We have, moreover, all the books—Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island. We haven't any suburban book, but don't let that worry you. We have no suburban friends. We haven't, for that matter, any Bronx or Brooklyn or Queens or Staten Island friends—we have very few friends, really—but that is not a point about which I intend to quarrel. I merely want to say, quietly, that we have all the telephone books we can use and thank you very much. They are nice books and we have given over a closet to them. I am hanging my clothes in the fireplace, which we haven't been using much lately, so that's all right. I hope I'm clear.

I WISH you would tell all your bookmen about it—just write them a little note, explaining that Richard Lockridge has his telephone books and that they needn't drop in any more to ask

On the **BRINK**

We wonder what murky things a careful inquiry into the effects of subway travelling would reveal. Suppose a thousand subwayites of moderate income were studied, a thousand inhabitants of Tudor City* being used as a control. The result of the investigation, if and when published, might cause a social revolution. And perhaps most illuminating would be a comparison, not of imposing matters such as the divorce rate or the average age of death, but of the little things. The number of times per week father snapped at the children, say, or the incidence of the common cold.

LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

**Standing in spacious parks, 4 minutes' walk from Grand Central. Its many services designed to make life easy include maid service by the hour, day or month. 1 to 5 rooms, hotel or housekeeping. $75 to $210.*
Fred F. French Management Co., Inc., Renting Office at East End of 42nd Street to 5 Prospect Place (Vanderbilt 8860-4801)

6 HOURS LONGER

IN HAVANA

ON THIS CRUISE

TO CALIFORNIA

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Anyway, there you are—noon to midnight—and very good short stories have been written in a less likely setting.

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about it. Tell the long, thin one who dropped in the other morning at what would have been breakfast time if I were one of the men working on the apartment house next door. Tell the short, thick one who brought the books a week ago Tuesday, when I was in the bathtub, and made me catch a summer cold. Or, if you'll send him around—now that I'm dressed—I'll tell *him* myself. It would be a pleasure. And tell the one with the big ears, who simply made me take another Brooklyn book—did I tell you I have two Brooklyn books?—because I couldn't stand to see him look so hurt.

The long, thin one came only a few days after we had got our books from the hall. He shouted outside after he had rung the bell and I, waking up suddenly, thought he was shouting "Fire!" That was why I hurried so. But he was smiling—you know how he smiles? He said he had brought us some telephone books and I said we had some. He smiled, condescendingly. "These are new ones," he explained. "Mine are new ones." "Summer?" "Summer," I said firmly. "Can't be," he assured me. "These are summer." "So are mine," I insisted. But finally I had to bring one to show him. He couldn't understand it. He showed me a list. "It says there you haven't got 'em," he pointed out. "I don't understand it." "Can't we just let it go, this time?" I begged. "Just make a report and say it was a mistake. Can't you do that?" He seemed doubtful. But finally he agreed to do it if I would get him some old books. I dug around and got him several. One was for 1927—you remember, when Manhattan and the Bronx were still united? He went away, then.

A FEW days later the short one came. He doesn't smile so much, does he? Just does his duty, I suppose. He pushed the books at me, while I dripped. I pushed them back. "Got 'em," I said. "Can't have," he said.

We went on like that for a long time, while I caught cold. He brought out his list and it showed that we couldn't have a book later than spring, 1930. I lugged out all the books to show him and he said it was queer. He was rather suspicious about it, if you don't mind my saying so. He seemed to think I'd cheated. I hadn't cheated, really. They were just in the hall, for anyone to take. It wasn't cheating. I've been wondering if he reported me. If he did, I hope this will straighten it out.

A heffalump

has sharp ears but one place he wouldn't be disturbed by a multitude of annoying little noises is

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It was the one with the big ears, however, who really moved me. He seemed so pathetic, coming after everyone else—at least, I hope it was after everyone else—and going over territory already so completely gone over. He had a great many books, practically all he had started with, I suspect. I don't think many subscribers had taken from him, although, personally, he is just the kind of man I would like to take my telephone books from in the future, if it can be arranged. I hated to disappoint him.

We went over the same ground again, but I don't believe he had much hope from the first. He did not insist, although he did show me his list, which indicated, quite clearly, that we had received no books since winter, 1929-1930. He took my word for it, however, only looking a little wistful.

"Have you got all of them?" he asked, obviously hoping against hope. Forcing back my sympathy, I nodded. "All?" he repeated. It was pathetic. "Manhattan? The Bronx? Queens? Staten Island?" He paused after each word and looked at me. Each time I had to nod and each time it was harder. Then he played his last card. "Brooklyn?" It was too much. I could not bring myself to nod again. I lied. "Maybe we haven't got Brooklyn," I said. You should have seen his face light up. I went away and pretended to search and then went back to the door. You wouldn't have had me dash his hopes then, would you?

"No Brooklyn," I said, steadily. He looked at me and I hope I did not give myself away. He gave me a book and a look of gratitude. "Thank you," he said, simply, and was gone. You would have been touched. And you don't mind that I have an extra Brooklyn book, do you? Under the circumstances?

But don't send any more. Please don't send any more. It means a good deal to me. And it is going to mean a good deal more to the next man who comes around here and offers me telephone books for summer, 1930. See if it doesn't.

Faithfully yours,
RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

•

Ray Sumner's orchestra will give a dance at Coddingville Saturday night. Those attending are requested to wear something.—*Medina (O.) Sentinel.*

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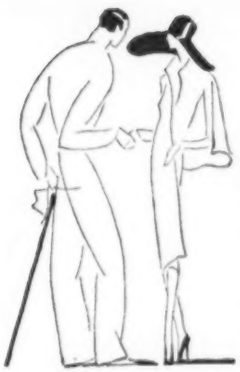

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, AUG. 27

EVEN though I customarily wait until long after the buyers have come and gone and laid waste those mirrored salons at 31 Rue Cambon, a Chanel collection always wrecks me. There is so much to see, so much to see! *Robes, manteaux, costumes de sport, fourrures, tricots et lainages, parfums, bijoux, sacs et écharpes, gants*—that is the little list Madame Chanel greets you with after you've climbed her curling stairs.

I remember two coats best of all; and when you know them you get the general idea of what Chanel is doing this year. My favorite, No. 266, which turned out to be a pet of the *maison*, has been taken under the wings of Macy and Saks-Thirty-fourth Street. It is very young, and oh, very, very simple, as only Chanel knows how to do simple things—navy blue, made of a tightly woven jersey that looks like a reefer cloth, buttoned in double-breasted fashion and with lapels and cuffs and a back belt like a navy officer's coat.

The other prize coat, No. 85, you'll find at four places in New York [Saks-Fifth Avenue, Bonwit Teller, Jay-Thorpe, and Macy]. The whole thing, except for a narrow strip from waist to shoulders, is made of alternating bands of braid and strips of astrakhan of varying widths. It has an immense shawl collar, which just misses being a cape and reaches, in front, clear down to the tight little belt. It's a handsome affair. The dress that goes with it, of black marocain, has a skirt and blouse covered with little horizontal tucks overcast with a shining silk thread.

The belts on your Chanel dresses this year will be worn tight, but lowish—as, for example, on the mottled-beige jersey trimmed with a few steel buttons and white piqué revers that is No. 179 [Saks-Fifth Avenue, Best, and Jay-Thorpe]. Even the skirts of your sports dresses will be quite long, and those on black marocain things will reach the ankles. (Look at No. 42 [*chez* Macy], a dress of black marocain whose skirt is made of two ruffles, the top one short, the lower one nearly twice its size. The blouse has a loose yoke both front and back that looks like a restrained bertha.)

There are dozens of evening things I'd like you to see. Chanel is one of the few people in Paris who haven't gone quaint for the hours after seven. She still uses her scarves with every dress, making them mostly semi-circular so that you put them on backward, crossing them behind your neck and letting the ends hang over the front of your shoulders.

No. 57 is her best velvet—black, with a skirt in two tiers, and the skirt-yoke becoming a tied sash at the rear [Bonwit Teller and Saks-Fifth Avenue]. Her best lace dress, No. 68, is in tiers too—three of them, made of black lace, with the lowest tier, around the ankles, managing somehow to be scantier than the rest [Kurzman and Macy]. Her one pink tulle frock, No. 73, is all little tailored strips, in front, sewed together with coarse stitching, with folds and folds of net in unpressed pleats hanging at the back. Her most startling evening wrap is a long affair of red velvet, with collar, three-quarter sleeves, and hem all billowing with brown fox [Altman and Macy].

IF you've ever had unsatisfactory dealings with some Paris couturier in a prima-donna mood, then you really should meet Madame Pouterman of the Maison Lyolene, a perfectly natural—and talented—person who is even a little afraid of her sudden success.

At Bonwit Teller you can see her one-piece black jersey dress, No. 997, that has a white grosgrain belt and little tabs at the neck; her two-piece black marocain, No. 925, with a reserved peplum, pleat-edged plastron, and a skirt all box-pleats—not a stitch of white piqué on it anywhere; and her *bleu de France* crêpe de Chine evening dress, No. 1041, which has two little half-blouses in warm and cold blues, tying around the waist like handkerchiefs. Best has her black tulle dress, No. 1018, which has a strip of tiny

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Petchell offers here, among scores of lovely things for Autumn, this dress of ostrich drillos, a very soft and very new woolen. It employs a novel bolero with collars, cuffs and tie of silk rep. The model shown is in raspberry.

19 E. 56th

horizontal ruffles running down the front and back, and making little epaulets over the shoulders. Her blue suit, No. 1005, with a fringed collar and two galosh clasps, is made of one of those new loosely woven tweeds that have enough angora in them to give the fabric a soapy feel [Macy].

WHEN it comes to talking about Chantal, I always have to hold myself down. Just let me timidly reassert my previous enthusiasms: that there are few people in Paris who know, quite as well as Madame Chantal, how to use color, and how to avoid copying the other houses.

Myself, I liked practically everything in the show, with—let's say—five that I couldn't heartily approve; but among the crowd there seemed to be three favorites—these:

Miroir d'Eau, a black velvet afternoonish dress, with sleeves in one with the blouse, and a yoked skirt caught at the back with a jewelled buckle; not another smudge of trimming anywhere [Altman].

Étoile du Nord, a convertible outfit for travelling that includes a very dark plum-brown coat with a big fitch collar, and a half-lining of bright red; a white-silk ratine blouse with a jagged yoke that reaches over the shoulders and a high neckline (incidentally, Madame Chantal never puts in a sleeve in the expected set-in way); and a tweed and red-wool skirt-and-jacket combination that looks like a dress [Altman, Bonwit Teller, and Saks-Fifth Avenue].

Finally there is Greens—a suit of tweed and jersey in an unusual arrangement; for instance, there is a band of the tweed incrusted around the hips of the jersey skirt. The blouse may be worn with its flap open or closed. [Saks-Fifth Avenue and Altman.]

—B. M.

•

Among them was Edward Liverns, who called himself "Brother" Liverns and said he was an officer of the Pentecostal Church in Sikeston, Mo. "Brother" Liverns has a long white drooping mustache. He was wearing a wrinkled black suit and white shirt without a tie.

"Now I'll ask you," began Manuel Wiseman, the minister's youthful attorney, "if you saw Mr. Shoemaker in Sikeston the night that the complaining witness testified she stayed with him in a hotel in Morley, Mo.?"

"I sure did," replied the witness. "We slept in the same bed at my house, and I never took my eye off him all night."—*St. Louis Star.*

That's how wakeful the Pentecostal boys are!

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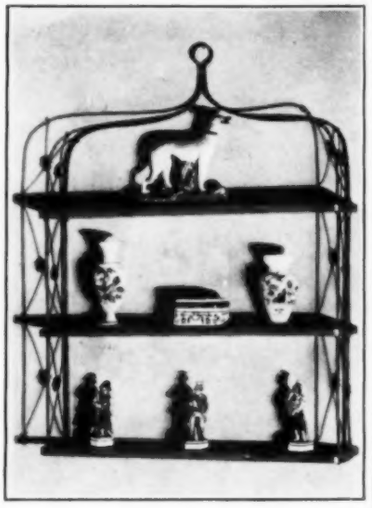

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POLO

Calm Before the Battle
—A Matter of History
—Britons and Droughts

NOT since the happy days before the war have American followers of polo been quite so confident on the eve of an International match. The rank and file of the polo world, it would seem, have been feeling that it didn't much matter which candidates Tommy Hitchcock finally chose to play with him. Almost any of them would do.

This state of mind did not develop because the British team was appraised slightingly but rather because there is a growing conviction that a large number of Americans play a type of polo which is much too savage and powerful for anyone else. Moreover, a team which has travelled across the ocean is distinctly handicapped. Many capable judges of polo believe that a visiting team should be two or three goals better than its opponents, for it will play that much below its true level.

When the British team appeared in its first practice games, the calm attitude of the optimists was certainly given some justification, for the visitors unquestionably lacked the pace which the Americans had been showing. Where Hitchcock and his playmates had been rolling up fifteen to twenty-three goals against the strongest opposition they could muster, the British had difficulty in getting their scores into double figures. The steady barrage of long drives that Tommy Hitchcock and Winston Guest have been poking into their opponents' territory, there to be picked up regularly by Eric Pedley and converted into easy goals, has so impressed their admirers that it is now simply impossible for them to conceive of a team that can stand up against the Americans.

THIS feeling of confidence is by no means without precedent in International matches. England felt quite as complacent in 1909, when America first won the cup. In 1911 our Big Four—Devereux Milburn, the two Waterburys, and Harry Whitney—was still intact and people felt vaguely that it was a little brutal to play the matches. That year's British team

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MACY'S

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was beaten by only a very few points, and so was the next year's. Finally, in 1914, the British were successful and the cup went back to England with them. All through this period the complacency of the Americans remained unscratched.

It is possible that history will repeat itself in this manner this year. The old-timers remind you of those matches of the past as they qualify their optimism about the matches of the present—but they do not sound very convincing, even to themselves. If history does repeat itself, however, it will be only in part. In the past a new order overthrew an old; but now American polo has no old order to be overthrown. The last of the Old Guard, Devereux Milburn, retired in 1928, and Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., a young man born at the start of this century, stepped into his place.

Hitchcock has directed as he always plays—to win. The new requirement for a seat among the nobility of American polo has been simply an ability to play a winning game. This year he has tried out Texans, Californians, Easterners, and Middle-Westerners—anyone who showed signs of being able to hit, to play hard and aggressively. It is not on a reputation that American polo bases its confidence. It is on a new, a youthful group, and a new type of polo.

WITH the British there has not been the usual undercurrent of feeling that they didn't choose the best men available. For a series of matches in America they have selected the players who know most about American polo. That would seem to be the best way of going about it. They had bad luck, though, in losing Aidan Roark, for that threw them into a panic of a sort, with Captain Richard George having trouble at No. 1. Also they found soft turf here, when they arrived expecting to play on hard fields. Apparently the best way to end our summer droughts would be to have a British team visit us each year.

Individually they are all good players. One feels that if they could lose their tempers, get excited, and fight, it would make them into a really fine team. It may be that this will happen, which would be rather nice. Their victory is far overdue, and the rest of the world has been too long undergoing the handicap of the long sea trip to our shores. It would be interesting to see what American teams could do with the situation reversed. —MARTINGALE

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TEE AND GREEN

A Forecast for Merion—Jones and Von Elm—The New Ball Breeds Trouble

RUMORS of large bets laid down at amazingly short odds on Jones to win the Amateur at Merion could not be verified by this department. Lloyd's local office was appalled by the suggestion that the company would write any "policies" on the champion; the London office was not likely to have accepted much policy-betting on him either, considering that the best they would offer last June was 50–1 on his winning both British and American Open and Amateur championships, and that even this proposition has appeared to date a very bad investment for the Lloyd people. W. L. Darnell & Company, the Wall Street firm which is generally willing to act as clearing house for clients and clients' friends who want to bet on sporting events, denied any commitments. It struck us in passing that the caution perceptible in this attitude on the part of the great international layers was praiseworthy and entirely proper under the circumstances. To bet on or against Jones at Merion would not be sportsmanlike. Beyond argument, he ought to win; if he doesn't it is less a criticism of his ability than of the method prescribed by tradition for conducting our Amateur Championship.

FROM the time that Jones stopped being an erratically brilliant boy prodigy, only one amateur in the country has beaten him in a full-length match in a major tournament. By performing this feat in 1926 George Von Elm got an importance that he has not lost although he has not done anything comparable since. Perhaps you remember that final round, played at Baltusrol on a warm, gray September day—a round won by Von Elm's unshakable aggressiveness, by his drives that matched Jones', by his marvellous iron shots lining the pin and travelling dead to their mark, and by the strange antics of a squad of yelling marshals hired for the day, who kicked the crowd around like cops breaking up a meeting of Reds. At Pebble Beach, Johnny

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Goodman did Von Elm's trick, but only over eighteen holes—a test at which any good golfer at his best, as several other gentlemen now inconspicuous have proved, can better an off-day score of Jones'.

Stolid Dr. Willing of Portland, lanky George Voigt, Phil Perkins, Don Moe, Maurice McCarthy—any one of them might do the trick. The defending champion, Harrison Johnston, proved in England that he is a better golfer than most people were ready to concede when he won last year. For a while the title affected him as it does many new champions. Instead of playing the ball, he had a period when he took long chances in an effort to live up to his new reputation on every occasion. He has got over that. After all, he has figured well in every Amateur for several years; he has a better chance to repeat than most of his Western friends seem to suppose.

THIS will be the last important event for amateurs on this side of the water to be played with the present type of golf ball. It is hard to believe that by January 1 everyone will be using the U.S.G.A.'s new larger and lighter ball; through the summer there have been hardly any of them around. Manufacturers changing their equipment to turn out the new balls won't sell the old ones to pros in lots of more than fifty dozen, but still golf shops continue to put in their orders. English makers are planning a trade war when the old balls become contraband, and small American houses not under agreement with the U.S. G.A. will undoubtedly turn out the forbidden type too; a bootlegging industry in golf balls seems about to develop, invoking the services of secretive fellows to visit country clubs passing out phone numbers from which members can get good stuff at the right price. —N. B., JR.

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*From the Evening Post*]

When the bandits fled, the druggist sounded the alarm. Lieutenant James Quinlan, after learning one of the bandits wore bright tan chamois gloves, ordered forty men to the scene of the holdup.

•

Mr. S—, who is a member of the New York Yacht Club and the Automobile Club of America, was divorced last year from his wife.—*The Herald Tribune.*

One of those men who have entrée.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Lincoln Legend—Harpo, Groucho & Bros.

THE new Griffith film, at the Central, presents the conventional romantic story of Lincoln in a series of picturesquely successful, sometimes beautiful, episodes, of *tableaux historiques*. It is the legendary figure, certainly, which is presented as the rail-splitter, the lover of Ann Rutledge (lovely in voiles among the woodpiles), the country lawyer, the President; and historians and experts of the period may be distressed by the juggling of facts, but to those of us whose historical background covers perhaps two seasons, it is in general a stirring picture of the most magnificent legend of our comparatively bleak history.

THE central character is saved from being exalted beyond the limits of our interest by the performance of Walter Huston. He gives the part humor, a certain charm, even strength, and with surprising skill suggests the features, the general gaunt outline, of the President as he is shown in those large lithographs on the walls of schoolrooms. His appearance is a little triumph for the makeup artists, and his drawl, his gestures, his smile, are all according to Hoyle. The picture is of him alone, and you will not find in it any extensive views, for instance, of the Civil War battlefields, only very sparse suggestions reminiscent of "The Birth of a Nation."

It is toward the end of the picture that the dramatic weakness of the film grows clear, for the whole Booth theme is crudely and blatantly handled, the tawdry melodrama of the actor's plot and personality being never successfully blended with the rest of the story, jarring with the tone, somewhat too elegiac though it be, of the film. Booth is an "East Lynne" villain, and the final tragedy loses immensely by his unconvincing cavorting. It is in this scene too that drama does not excuse the distortion of facts, whether it be in the facility with which Booth enters the unguarded box of the President or in the speech Lincoln makes to the theatre audience, as-

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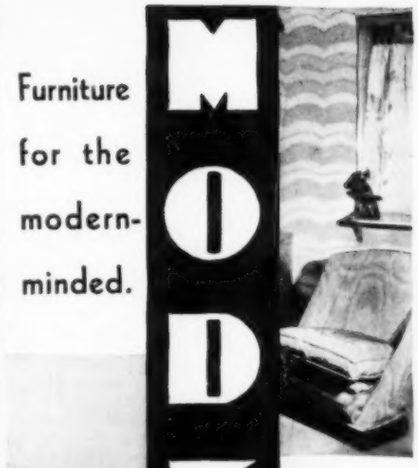

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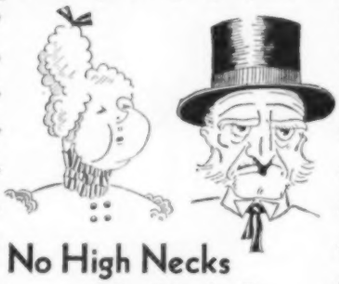

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THE GREEN PASTURES
Pulitzer Prize Play
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

sembled to enjoy a comedy, quoting bits from his Gettysburg Memorial Address and from others of like solemn import. I should say that in this last instance alone the picture falls down on the grounds of taste. The dialogue for the most part has been adroitly managed by Stephen Vincent Benét, some lines of the more respectable of Lincoln's stories recounted here and there, though toward the end the President is made to reiterate so often that the Union must be preserved that it begins to sound like a refrain and you wonder that his associates don't just groan out "Heard you the first time." There is, too, a rather fatuous Lee incident which could be cut, and perhaps we could spare without a sigh some of the Tad Lincoln interludes. By and large, however, without carping, it is a pretty high-grade picture, one to refresh our mind with agreeable ease in regard to the romance of Lincoln and also somewhat of the circumstances and conditions which begot him.

THEN, just to entertain us, not so much to exalt our mood, the movies have produced two cheerfully successful musical shows, "Animal Crackers" and "Monte Carlo."

The first, at the Rialto, is the Marx Brothers' extravaganza transposed to the screen in the inevitable march of events, transposed with more success, I think, than was "The Cocoanuts." Harpo and Groucho carry the piece (Carry it? They bounce it all over the place) and with the crackling Kaufman lines they leave you after a good hour and a half like something run through a wringer. It's a very exhausting humor, but the hangover is slight, and the fun is worth it.

This is the sketch, you know, about the houseparty and the stolen painting, with Harpo ever in hot pursuit of one of the chorus girls, and Groucho ever in a torrent of eloquence, pouring the tale of his adventures as an African explorer, or wooing two ladies at once in the manner of "Strange Interlude," or dictating a letter, the body of which "we will send on later." When either of these gentlemen is on the screen the film is riotous; when

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Sept. 6, 7, 8, JOAN CRAWFORD in "Our Blushing Bride." Sept. 9 & 10, CLAUDETTE COLBERT in "MANSLAUGHTER." Sept. 10 & 11, "BORDER LEGION" with Richard Arlen and Jack Holt.

neither is, it slumps heavily. As they are present most of the time, however, the air pockets are few and far between.

"MONTE CARLO" (the Rivoli) is really a better picture, because it was made first-hand for the screen and there is no "carrying" to be done. Ernst Lubitsch, the director, is one of the shrewdest scholars of the cinema, and from his science there comes a touch, frivolous and light and sure. "Monte Carlo" is the most trivial nonsense, outlandish and absurd from beginning to end, but of that sort of lightness that can be achieved only with skill. There is a story about an insolvent countess and a gallant who pretends to be a hairdresser in the "Monsieur Beaucaire" fashion. Now and then, as from sheer good spirits, a character in the sketch feels the urge to burst into song, and does so, the songs for the most part being catchy affairs, and everyone else who happens to be about the set at once runs forward and joins in the chorus. In one instance even, in the train song, so ardently is the music expressed that the very wheels and the engine itself work their way into the melody, as well as the workers in the fields through which the train is passing. Throughout this airy bit Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan are the most occupied, and both of them appear more attractive than I ever thought they were before.

I REGRET to end this affable piece in a more acid tone. The Jack Oakie picture, "Let's Go Native," lets me down quite a little. It's one of those careless, ragtail films thrown together with whatever scraps of ideas hadn't been found fit for more ambitious usage in the past. Oakie himself is funny in it, as much a wag as ever, and his stunts and his grin occasionally help one along through the spectacle. Otherwise, though, there's just a lot of claptrap about a steamer and a wreck and a desert island, all in musical-comedy burlesque, and all falling pretty flat.

THE week has not passed without the usual crook picture. This one is called "Outside the Law" and shows Mary Nolan as a hardboiled blonde, and Edward Robinson in his customary rôle. The presence of a child in their group illuminates the lives of the gunmen and cops involved, though his influence does not prevent a shooting or two, nor does it save the lovers in the piece from getting five years.

—J. C. M.

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

OPENED BY MISTAKE

THE special Deficit-Surplus-Deficit-Surplus Publicity Department of the United States Treasury cried "Woof, woof!" twice too often the week before last and somebody got a good scolding. For a long time now we little readers of the daily press have been fed, when occasion demanded, with hand-tooled stories from the Treasury Department, first predicting a surplus for the coming year, then (when it was felt that we were in danger of spending too much for candy) foreseeing a deficit. The next week it might be a surplus. Then a deficit. Those of us who keep personal accounts and like to know just how much *is* in the United States Treasury at the start of the day were practically standing on our heads.

On August 22, it being a nice, clear day, "high Treasury officials" thought it would be fun to have a deficit, so "it was admitted," in all the papers, that we might not be able to get our one-per-cent income-tax reduction next year. Even the *Herald Tribune* had it "authoritatively disclosed" that things looked pretty black in the Treasury cash-account book. The "high Treasury officials" got their story on all the front pages and then went out on the back porch for a smoke.

They had done their work so well, however, that they not only frightened the public but President Hoover into the bargain. After a hurried conference with Secretary Mellon a special relief train loaded with statements was rushed out, reassuring the public that the pessimistic forecast had been "premature" and that "it was too early to make any definite predictions." It is to be suspected, also, that the Deficit-Surplus-Deficit-Surplus Publicity Department was called into conference and sent to bed without its supper. We will watch with interest for the next Treasury emanation, which will probably deal with what wonderful weather they are having in Washington and other general and uninflammable topics.

As usual, it was the Press which had to take the rap. Although the original story had unquestionably come direct from the Treasury Department itself, Messrs. Hoover and Mellon in their frantic followup referred to it as some scatter-brained concoction of the newspapers themselves, in the manner of a maligned vestryman denying divorce rumors in a gossip column. Secretary Mellon all but said: "It has been called to my attention that certain papers have maliciously printed, etc.," and President Hoover gave the impression that he was more hurt than angry, but that newspapers must learn that there is a difference between liberty and license. And the newspapers had to take it. Some of them protested politely that the source of the original story had been heretofore unimpeachable in its authority, but, governmental publicity being run on the dole system and the boys knowing full well that if they got too nasty they would be cut off without a shilling in the future, it was the wisest course to take the blame and say nothing. It may be a goose that lays the golden eggs, but you can't refer to it as such or it will stop laying.

We would like to bet that some-

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where in the publicity workings of the Treasury and State Departments there is an old Harvard University official. The way in which the press statements from these sources are handled smacks suspiciously of the newspaper-sense usually associated with those masters of public relations on the banks of the Charles River. Harvard has, at various times in its strategic dealings with reporters, announced that Negroes were not to be admitted to the Freshman dormitories and then, on the next day, issued a statement that it had no idea how the story got abroad; it has stated that the number of Jews in the University was to be limited and then caught the late-afternoon editions with a feverish denial saying that what it meant was that the number of Jews was *not* to be limited. Owing to an old Brahmin distrust of anything related to newspaper publicity, the officials of the University have compromised by issuing only such statements as could be instantly denied.

It is the same type of mind, if not the *same* mind, which handled the recent embargo on Russian wood pulp for the Government, in which the United States was presented to the world as standing first on its right ear and then on its left, ending up by falling flat on its back. Practically all of the State Department's pronunciamentos on our Russian relations, always culminating in the anticlimactic dud that we *have* no Russian relations owing to our not having recognized Russia, to say nothing of the stately dance between the State Department and Count Karolyi, have been governed by this Harvard attitude of mind which, starting with the belief that it is none of the newspapers' business, proceeds to mess things up so completely that a plumber has to be called in to shut off the water.

It might not be a bad idea to have a course in Public Relations, with special reference to newspaper publicity, at which at least one government official from each department should be compelled to attend every morning from nine to eleven.

SPEAKING of Russian relations, it seemed like old times to see our revered friend the "Riga dispatch" in the *Times* of August 21. It was always "according to dispatches from Riga" that the Soviet Government was on the verge of collapse, that Bolshevik men were eating Bolshevik babies and Bolshevik women suffering a fate worse than death on the walls of the Krem-

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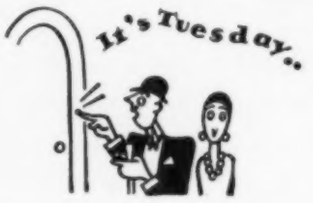

day when many people automatically (but not without expectant thrill) turn the dial at 8.45 p.m. to WABC, to hear The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers, put over the latest musical numbers with a relish that tingles.

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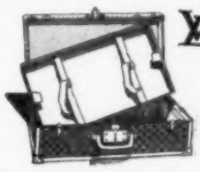

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lin, and that, in succession, Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin had been assassinated and were being represented at council meetings by a wax figure dressed in a frock coat. The latest Riga dispatch (via London) is that the Soviet is busy stirring up unrest among the Negro masses in Africa and America. It would seem that America was doing very well by herself to stir up unrest among her Negro masses, without any help from the Soviet.

IF the *Times* wanted to arouse controversy and make copy for a dull day by asking James W. Gerard to name his fifty-nine (later increased to sixty-four) men who rule America, it did fairly well, although the story petered out rather suddenly on Mr. Gerard's statement in the *Herald Tribune* of August 26 that he really didn't mean it. Of course, there was some doubt, when the *Times* broke the story on August 21, about its source being worth Column 1 on Page 1, but the other papers picked it up and for a couple of days there was some half-hearted controversy about whether women and spiritual leaders should or should not be included. The *Times*, doubtless feeling that it had given a little undue prominence to what was essentially an *Evening Telegram* feature, dropped out early in the parlor game, but the *Herald Tribune*, possibly to show the *Times* up as an excitable old thing, hung on until August 26, when it quoted Mr. Gerard as stating that his sixty-four rulers didn't really rule in any sense of the word, that what he had meant was that they "would be most useful in building up an industrial empire," and that he didn't see why anybody had taken the thing seriously anyway. In which Mr. Gerard showed a keener news-sense than the *Times* had shown in the beginning.

Incidentally, in the *Herald Tribune's* interview with Mr. Gerard, he was given credit for performing one of the neatest tricks of the week. "Then Mr. Gerard," wrote the reporter, "laughed silently for about three minutes." Of course, the reporter doesn't really commit himself beyond saying "*about* three minutes." It may have been two and a half, but it is doubtful if it was over three, certainly not a joke as mild as the one which caused this outburst. Perhaps, since it is specified that he laughed "silently," Mr. Gerard was really doing something else for two of those minutes and just *told* the reporter that he was laughing. At any rate, Mr. Gerard and possibly the *Her-*

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ald Tribune were the only ones who knew enough to laugh.

WE don't know very much about newspaper photographs, having been fired from the old *Tribune's* rotogravure section for running pictures designed to lose the war for the Allies, but if that Associated Press photograph of the German seaplane alighting off the Battery wasn't faked, then we will eat all the buildings shown in the background. Just why it should have been necessary to fake a picture of it, when there were plenty of good ones taken, is not clear, unless the A.P. service wanted to be the first one uptown with a photograph, but if you will take your *Times* or *World* of August 27 (the *World's* especially gave the impression of having been drawn in the advertising-layout department) and compare the picture with the ones taken by the *Mirror* or the other Hearst papers, you will see what can be done by pasting one picture on top of another and then photographing the result. If we are doing the A.P. service an injustice, we apologize in advance.

THIS department is particularly glad to note that the old-time gentlemanly reticence which has kept one paper from kidding another (editorials, of course, excepted) has broken down, and now, perhaps, our particular mission of vilification will be taken over by the papers themselves. Spurred on by a contributor to H. I. Phillips' column in the *Sun*, who did a few rhymed couplets on the characteristics of the different metropolitan journals, Howard Cushman, in Frank Sullivan's berth in the *World*, tore off several more in rebuttal, ending with as excellent a summary of the *Sun's* evening news as this department could have made in five pages:

But, ah! when each long day is done
I buy my copy of the *Sun*
To read of furniture and schools
And trips through Normandy with mules
And recipes and styles in chintz
And startling finds of Indian flints
In Arkansas, and interviews
With barbers quaint who woo the Muse—
And when I've waded through this lumber,
I'm really quite composed for slumber!
The defense rests—tired, but very happy.

If Mr. Cushman will keep this sort of thing up, The Wayward Press will have to devote itself to the religious and other trade journals.

—GUY FAWKES

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PUBLIC CONFUSION AND PRIVATE SERVICE

THE NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY,

GENTLEMEN:

FOR several weeks, now, I have been meaning to write and tell you that we have our telephone books for summer, 1930, and will not need any more until it is time to tear off the little dinkus in the centre of the circle which would fit the dial, if there were a dial. It is going to be hard for you to believe this and several of the men who deliver telephone books around Washington Square are going to find it quite impossible. You will, however, simply have to take my word for it and so will they. Just treat me as you do everybody else and that will be all right. I know how considerate you always are about telephone books—calling up and asking people how many books they would like for the summer and what kind they prefer. I really don't deserve the special treatment I've been getting. Just think of me as an ordinary subscriber, won't you?

Perhaps we haven't been making as many calls lately as you would like and you have merely been dropping the books as a hint. I'll take the hint, really I will, and you'll notice an improvement. We'll go over the top next month, see if we don't. And we'll take the books, too—the ones we already have. They are nice books and it was nice of your man to leave them downstairs in the hall about a month ago so we all could take our picks.

We have, moreover, all the books—Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island. We haven't any suburban book, but don't let that worry you. We have no suburban friends. We haven't, for that matter, any Bronx or Brooklyn or Queens or Staten Island friends—we have very few friends, really—but that is not a point about which I intend to quarrel. I merely want to say, quietly, that we have all the telephone books we can use and thank you very much. They are nice books and we have given over a closet to them. I am hanging my clothes in the fireplace, which we haven't been using much lately, so that's all right. I hope I'm clear.

I WISH you would tell all your bookmen about it—just write them a little note, explaining that Richard Lockridge has his telephone books and that they needn't drop in any more to ask

On the **BRINK**

We wonder what murky things a careful inquiry into the effects of subway travelling would reveal. Suppose a thousand subwayites of moderate income were studied, a thousand inhabitants of Tudor City* being used as a control. The result of the investigation, if and when published, might cause a social revolution. And perhaps most illuminating would be a comparison, not of imposing matters such as the divorce rate or the average age of death, but of the little things. The number of times per week father snapped at the children, say, or the incidence of the common cold.

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TO CALIFORNIA

This thoughtful pause is just 6 hours longer than other California-bound ships deem salubrious, or necessary, or something.

Anyway, there you are—noon to midnight—and very good short stories have been written in a less likely setting.

However, if it turns into a serial, you may stop two weeks and take the next President Liner. For President Liners sail fortnightly from New York bound for California, the Orient and Round the World.

Being Round the World Liners, the art of keeping sophisticated travelers amused and comfortable is well understood. All cabins are outside, amidships—and a few choice ones become available in New York for California voyagers. Early reservations are advisable.

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about it. Tell the long, thin one who dropped in the other morning at what would have been breakfast time if I were one of the men working on the apartment house next door. Tell the short, thick one who brought the books a week ago Tuesday, when I was in the bathtub, and made me catch a summer cold. Or, if you'll send him around—now that I'm dressed—I'll tell *him* myself. It would be a pleasure. And tell the one with the big ears, who simply made me take another Brooklyn book—did I tell you I have two Brooklyn books?—because I couldn't stand to see him look so hurt.

The long, thin one came only a few days after we had got our books from the hall. He shouted outside after he had rung the bell and I, waking up suddenly, thought he was shouting "Fire!" That was why I hurried so. But he was smiling—you know how he smiles? He said he had brought us some telephone books and I said we had some. He smiled, condescendingly. "These are new ones," he explained. "Mine are new ones." "Summer?" "Summer," I said firmly. "Can't be," he assured me. "These are summer." "So are mine," I insisted. But finally I had to bring one to show him. He couldn't understand it. He showed me a list. "It says there you haven't got 'em," he pointed out. "I don't understand it." "Can't we just let it go, this time?" I begged. "Just make a report and say it was a mistake. Can't you do that?" He seemed doubtful. But finally he agreed to do it if I would get him some old books. I dug around and got him several. One was for 1927—you remember, when Manhattan and the Bronx were still united? He went away, then.

A FEW days later the short one came. He doesn't smile so much, does he? Just does his duty, I suppose. He pushed the books at me, while I dripped. I pushed them back. "Got 'em," I said. "Can't have," he said.

We went on like that for a long time, while I caught cold. He brought out his list and it showed that we couldn't have a book later than spring, 1930. I lugged out all the books to show him and he said it was queer. He was rather suspicious about it, if you don't mind my saying so. He seemed to think I'd cheated. I hadn't cheated, really. They were just in the hall, for anyone to take. It wasn't cheating. I've been wondering if he reported me. If he did, I hope this will straighten it out.

A heffalump

has sharp ears but one place he wouldn't be disturbed by a multitude of annoying little noises is

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It was the one with the big ears, however, who really moved me. He seemed so pathetic, coming after everyone else—at least, I hope it was after everyone else—and going over territory already so completely gone over. He had a great many books, practically all he had started with, I suspect. I don't think many subscribers had taken from him, although, personally, he is just the kind of man I would like to take my telephone books from in the future, if it can be arranged. I hated to disappoint him.

We went over the same ground again, but I don't believe he had much hope from the first. He did not insist, although he did show me his list, which indicated, quite clearly, that we had received no books since winter, 1929-1930. He took my word for it, however, only looking a little wistful.

"Have you got all of them?" he asked, obviously hoping against hope. Forcing back my sympathy, I nodded. "All?" he repeated. It was pathetic. "Manhattan? The Bronx? Queens? Staten Island?" He paused after each word and looked at me. Each time I had to nod and each time it was harder. Then he played his last card. "Brooklyn?" It was too much. I could not bring myself to nod again. I lied. "Maybe we haven't got Brooklyn," I said. You should have seen his face light up. I went away and pretended to search and then went back to the door. You wouldn't have had me dash his hopes then, would you?

"No Brooklyn," I said, steadily. He looked at me and I hope I did not give myself away. He gave me a book and a look of gratitude. "Thank you," he said, simply, and was gone. You would have been touched. And you don't mind that I have an extra Brooklyn book, do you? Under the circumstances?

But don't send any more. Please don't send any more. It means a good deal to me. And it is going to mean a good deal more to the next man who comes around here and offers me telephone books for summer, 1930. See if it doesn't.

Faithfully yours,
RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

•

Ray Sumner's orchestra will give a dance at Coddingville Saturday night. Those attending are requested to wear something.—*Medina (O.) Sentinel.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, AUG. 27

EVEN though I customarily wait until long after the buyers have come and gone and laid waste those mirrored salons at 31 Rue Cambon, a Chanel collection always wrecks me. There is so much to see, so much to see! *Robes, manteaux, costumes de sport, fourrures, tricots et lainages, parfums, bijoux, sacs et écharpes, gants*—that is the little list Madame Chanel greets you with after you've climbed her curling stairs.

I remember two coats best of all; and when you know them you get the general idea of what Chanel is doing this year. My favorite, No. 266, which turned out to be a pet of the *maison*, has been taken under the wings of Macy and Saks-Thirty-fourth Street. It is very young, and oh, very, very simple, as only Chanel knows how to do simple things—navy blue, made of a tightly woven jersey that looks like a reefer cloth, buttoned in double-breasted fashion and with lapels and cuffs and a back belt like a navy officer's coat.

The other prize coat, No. 85, you'll find at four places in New York [Saks-Fifth Avenue, Bonwit Teller, Jay-Thorpe, and Macy]. The whole thing, except for a narrow strip from waist to shoulders, is made of alternating bands of braid and strips of astrakhan of varying widths. It has an immense shawl collar, which just misses being a cape and reaches, in front, clear down to the tight little belt. It's a handsome affair. The dress that goes with it, of black marocain, has a skirt and blouse covered with little horizontal tucks overcast with a shining silk thread.

The belts on your Chanel dresses this year will be worn tight, but lowish—as, for example, on the mottled-beige jersey trimmed with a few steel buttons and white piqué revers that is No. 179 [Saks-Fifth Avenue, Best, and Jay-Thorpe]. Even the skirts of your sports dresses will be quite long, and those on black marocain things will reach the ankles. (Look at No. 42 [*chez* Macy], a dress of black marocain whose skirt is made of two ruffles, the top one short, the lower one nearly twice its size. The blouse has a loose yoke both front and back that looks like a restrained bertha.)

There are dozens of evening things I'd like you to see. Chanel is one of the few people in Paris who haven't gone quaint for the hours after seven. She still uses her scarves with every dress, making them mostly semi-circular so that you put them on backward, crossing them behind your neck and letting the ends hang over the front of your shoulders.

No. 57 is her best velvet—black, with a skirt in two tiers, and the skirt-yoke becoming a tied sash at the rear [Bonwit Teller and Saks-Fifth Avenue]. Her best lace dress, No. 68, is in tiers too—three of them, made of black lace, with the lowest tier, around the ankles, managing somehow to be scantier than the rest [Kurzman and Macy]. Her one pink tulle frock, No. 73, is all little tailored strips, in front, sewed together with coarse stitching, with folds and folds of net in unpressed pleats hanging at the back. Her most startling evening wrap is a long affair of red velvet, with collar, three-quarter sleeves, and hem all billowing with brown fox [Altman and Macy].

IF you've ever had unsatisfactory dealings with some Paris couturier in a prima-donna mood, then you really should meet Madame Pouterman of the Maison Lyolene, a perfectly natural—and talented—person who is even a little afraid of her sudden success.

At Bonwit Teller you can see her one-piece black jersey dress, No. 997, that has a white grosgrain belt and little tabs at the neck; her two-piece black marocain, No. 925, with a reserved peplum, pleat-edged plastron, and a skirt all box-pleats—not a stitch of white piqué on it anywhere; and her *bleu de France* crêpe de Chine evening dress, No. 1041, which has two little half-blouses in warm and cold blues, tying around the waist like handkerchiefs. Best has her black tulle dress, No. 1018, which has a strip of tiny

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Petchell offers here, among scores of lovely things for Autumn, this dress of ostrich drillos, a very soft and very new woolen. It employs a novel bolero with collars, cuffs and tie of silk rep. The model shown is in raspberry.

·19E·56th·

horizontal ruffles running down the front and back, and making little epaulets over the shoulders. Her blue suit, No. 1005, with a fringed collar and two galosh clasps, is made of one of those new loosely woven tweeds that have enough angora in them to give the fabric a soapy feel [Macy].

WHEN it comes to talking about Chantal, I always have to hold myself down. Just let me timidly reassert my previous enthusiasms: that there are few people in Paris who know, quite as well as Madame Chantal, how to use color, and how to avoid copying the other houses.

Myself, I liked practically everything in the show, with—let's say—five that I couldn't heartily approve; but among the crowd there seemed to be three favorites—these:

Miroir d'Eau, a black velvet afternoonish dress, with sleeves in one with the blouse, and a yoked skirt caught at the back with a jewelled buckle; not another smudge of trimming anywhere [Altman].

Étoile du Nord, a convertible outfit for travelling that includes a very dark plum-brown coat with a big fitch collar, and a half-lining of bright red; a white-silk ratine blouse with a jagged yoke that reaches over the shoulders and a high neckline (incidentally, Madame Chantal never puts in a sleeve in the expected set-in way); and a tweed and red-wool skirt-and-jacket combination that looks like a dress [Altman, Bonwit Teller, and Saks-Fifth Avenue].

Finally there is Greens—a suit of tweed and jersey in an unusual arrangement; for instance, there is a band of the tweed incrusted around the hips of the jersey skirt. The blouse may be worn with its flap open or closed. [Saks-Fifth Avenue and Altman.]

—B. M.

•

Among them was Edward Liverns, who called himself "Brother" Liverns and said he was an officer of the Pentecostal Church in Sikeston, Mo. "Brother" Liverns has a long white drooping mustache. He was wearing a wrinkled black suit and white shirt without a tie.

"Now I'll ask you," began Manuel Wiseman, the minister's youthful attorney, "if you saw Mr. Shoemaker in Sikeston the night that the complaining witness testified she stayed with him in a hotel in Morley, Mo.?"

"I sure did," replied the witness. "We slept in the same bed at my house, and I never took my eye off him all night."—*St. Louis Star.*

That's how wakeful the Pentecostal boys are!

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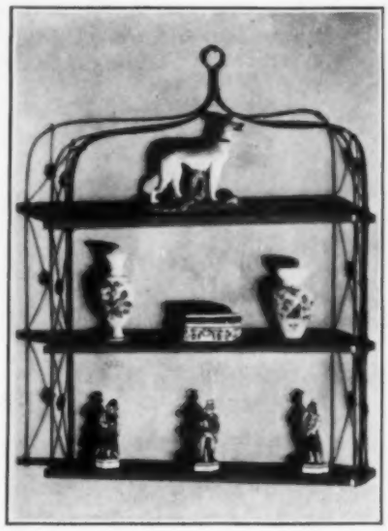

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POLO

Calm Before the Battle
—A Matter of History
—Britons and Droughts

NOT since the happy days before the war have American followers of polo been quite so confident on the eve of an International match. The rank and file of the polo world, it would seem, have been feeling that it didn't much matter which candidates Tommy Hitchcock finally chose to play with him. Almost any of them would do.

This state of mind did not develop because the British team was appraised slightingly but rather because there is a growing conviction that a large number of Americans play a type of polo which is much too savage and powerful for anyone else. Moreover, a team which has travelled across the ocean is distinctly handicapped. Many capable judges of polo believe that a visiting team should be two or three goals better than its opponents, for it will play that much below its true level.

When the British team appeared in its first practice games, the calm attitude of the optimists was certainly given some justification, for the visitors unquestionably lacked the pace which the Americans had been showing. Where Hitchcock and his playmates had been rolling up fifteen to twenty-three goals against the strongest opposition they could muster, the British had difficulty in getting their scores into double figures. The steady barrage of long drives that Tommy Hitchcock and Winston Guest have been poking into their opponents' territory, there to be picked up regularly by Eric Pedley and converted into easy goals, has so impressed their admirers that it is now simply impossible for them to conceive of a team that can stand up against the Americans.

THIS feeling of confidence is by no means without precedent in International matches. England felt quite as complacent in 1909, when America first won the cup. In 1911 our Big Four—Devereux Milburn, the two Waterburys, and Harry Whitney—was still intact and people felt vaguely that it was a little brutal to play the matches. That year's British team

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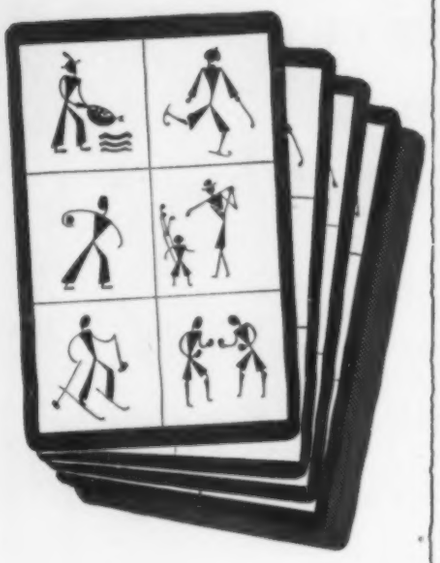

We traded the promise of a dozen packs of these cards for the use of a smart cigarette case for a day—in order that we might copy all the gay little silhouettes that were making merry on its cover.

The fair lady who lent us the cigarette case has her cards now, and she's wild about them, and so is all her crowd. Green or yellow background with black figures.

AT 47¢ pack

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ADULT GAMES DEPT.—5th FLOOR

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was beaten by only a very few points, and so was the next year's. Finally, in 1914, the British were successful and the cup went back to England with them. All through this period the complacency of the Americans remained unscratched.

It is possible that history will repeat itself in this manner this year. The old-timers remind you of those matches of the past as they qualify their optimism about the matches of the present—but they do not sound very convincing, even to themselves. If history does repeat itself, however, it will be only in part. In the past a new order overthrew an old; but now American polo has no old order to be overthrown. The last of the Old Guard, Devereux Milburn, retired in 1928, and Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., a young man born at the start of this century, stepped into his place.

Hitchcock has directed as he always plays—to win. The new requirement for a seat among the nobility of American polo has been simply an ability to play a winning game. This year he has tried out Texans, Californians, Easterners, and Middle-Westerners—anyone who showed signs of being able to hit, to play hard and aggressively. It is not on a reputation that American polo bases its confidence. It is on a new, a youthful group, and a new type of polo.

WITH the British there has not been the usual undercurrent of feeling that they didn't choose the best men available. For a series of matches in America they have selected the players who know most about American polo. That would seem to be the best way of going about it. They had bad luck, though, in losing Aidan Roark, for that threw them into a panic of a sort, with Captain Richard George having trouble at No. 1. Also they found soft turf here, when they arrived expecting to play on hard fields. Apparently the best way to end our summer droughts would be to have a British team visit us each year.

Individually they are all good players. One feels that if they could lose their tempers, get excited, and fight, it would make them into a really fine team. It may be that this will happen, which would be rather nice. Their victory is far overdue, and the rest of the world has been too long undergoing the handicap of the long sea trip to our shores. It would be interesting to see what American teams could do with the situation reversed. —MARTINGALE

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TEE AND GREEN

A Forecast for Merion—Jones and Von Elm—The New Ball Breeds Trouble

RUMORS of large bets laid down at amazingly short odds on Jones to win the Amateur at Merion could not be verified by this department. Lloyd's local office was appalled by the suggestion that the company would write any "policies" on the champion; the London office was not likely to have accepted much policy-betting on him either, considering that the best they would offer last June was 50–1 on his winning both British and American Open and Amateur championships, and that even this proposition has appeared to date a very bad investment for the Lloyd people. W. L. Darnell & Company, the Wall Street firm which is generally willing to act as clearing house for clients and clients' friends who want to bet on sporting events, denied any commitments. It struck us in passing that the caution perceptible in this attitude on the part of the great international layers was praiseworthy and entirely proper under the circumstances. To bet on or against Jones at Merion would not be sportsmanlike. Beyond argument, he ought to win; if he doesn't it is less a criticism of his ability than of the method prescribed by tradition for conducting our Amateur Championship.

FROM the time that Jones stopped being an erratically brilliant boy prodigy, only one amateur in the country has beaten him in a full-length match in a major tournament. By performing this feat in 1926 George Von Elm got an importance that he has not lost although he has not done anything comparable since. Perhaps you remember that final round, played at Baltusrol on a warm, gray September day—a round won by Von Elm's unshakable aggressiveness, by his drives that matched Jones', by his marvellous iron shots lining the pin and travelling dead to their mark, and by the strange antics of a squad of yelling marshals hired for the day, who kicked the crowd around like cops breaking up a meeting of Reds. At Pebble Beach, Johnny

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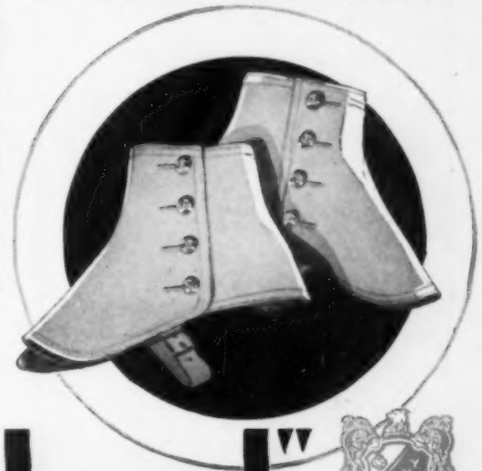

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Goodman did Von Elm's trick, but only over eighteen holes—a test at which any good golfer at his best, as several other gentlemen now inconspicuous have proved, can better an off-day score of Jones'.

Stolid Dr. Willing of Portland, lanky George Voigt, Phil Perkins, Don Moe, Maurice McCarthy—any one of them might do the trick. The defending champion, Harrison Johnston, proved in England that he is a better golfer than most people were ready to concede when he won last year. For a while the title affected him as it does many new champions. Instead of playing the ball, he had a period when he took long chances in an effort to live up to his new reputation on every occasion. He has got over that. After all, he has figured well in every Amateur for several years; he has a better chance to repeat than most of his Western friends seem to suppose.

THIS will be the last important event for amateurs on this side of the water to be played with the present type of golf ball. It is hard to believe that by January 1 everyone will be using the U.S.G.A.'s new larger and lighter ball; through the summer there have been hardly any of them around. Manufacturers changing their equipment to turn out the new balls won't sell the old ones to pros in lots of more than fifty dozen, but still golf shops continue to put in their orders. English makers are planning a trade war when the old balls become contraband, and small American houses not under agreement with the U.S. G.A. will undoubtedly turn out the forbidden type too; a bootlegging industry in golf balls seems about to develop, invoking the services of secretive fellows to visit country clubs passing out phone numbers from which members can get good stuff at the right price.

—N. B., JR.

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[From the Evening Post]

When the bandits fled, the druggist sounded the alarm. Lieutenant James Quinlan, after learning one of the bandits wore bright tan chamois gloves, ordered forty men to the scene of the holdup.

•

Mr. S—, who is a member of the New York Yacht Club and the Automobile Club of America, was divorced last year from his wife.—*The Herald Tribune.*

One of those men who have entrée.

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BUT, at that, you can hardly see the toast for the big juicy minute steak that tops it. And our guests tell us the steak is so tender that they don't need to bother with a knife at

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ARTHUR HOPKINS presents

TORCH SONG

New drama by KENYON NICHOLSON

PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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LOEW'S
Sept. 6, 7, 8, JOAN CRAWFORD in "Our Blushing Bride." Sept. 9 & 10, CLAUDETTE COLBERT in "MANSLAUGHTER." Sept. 10 & 11, "BORDER LEGION" with Richard Arlen and Jack Holt.
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neither is, it slumps heavily. As they are present most of the time, however, the air pockets are few and far between.

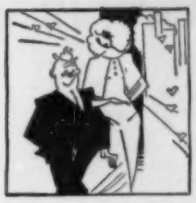
"MONTE CARLO" (the Rivoli) is really a better picture, because it was made first-hand for the screen and there is no "carrying" to be done. Ernst Lubitsch, the director, is one of the shrewdest scholars of the cinema, and from his science there comes a touch, frivolous and light and sure. "Monte Carlo" is the most trivial nonsense, outlandish and absurd from beginning to end, but of that sort of lightness that can be achieved only with skill. There is a story about an insolvent countess and a gallant who pretends to be a hairdresser in the "Monsieur Beaucaire" fashion. Now and then, as from sheer good spirits, a character in the sketch feels the urge to burst into song, and does so, the songs for the most part being catchy affairs, and everyone else who happens to be about the set at once runs forward and joins in the chorus. In one instance even, in the train song, so ardently is the music expressed that the very wheels and the engine itself work their way into the melody, as well as the workers in the fields through which the train is passing. Throughout this airy bit Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan are the most occupied, and both of them appear more attractive than I ever thought they were before.

I REGRET to end this affable piece in a more acid tone. The Jack Oakie picture, "Let's Go Native," lets me down quite a little. It's one of those careless, ragtail films thrown together with whatever scraps of ideas hadn't been found fit for more ambitious usage in the past. Oakie himself is funny in it, as much a wag as ever, and his stunts and his grin occasionally help one along through the spectacle. Otherwise, though, there's just a lot of claptrap about a steamer and a wreck and a desert island, all in musical-comedy burlesque, and all falling pretty flat.

THE week has not passed without the usual crook picture. This one is called "Outside the Law" and shows Mary Nolan as a hardboiled blonde, and Edward Robinson in his customary rôle. The presence of a child in their group illuminates the lives of the gunmen and cops involved, though his influence does not prevent a shooting or two, nor does it save the lovers in the piece from getting five years.

—J. C. M.

can you beat it



and where can you? those consistently entertaining motion pictures that abide with

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where lubitsch's "monte carlo" gives us a low view of high play—at other places than the casino—with jeanette macdonald and jack buchanan as players—the customers as payers and paramount as croupier

the rialto

RIALTO

where you'll eat up paramount's "animal crackers" as the four marx prove they're all they've been wise-cracked-up to be in their latest lunantics

the paramounts

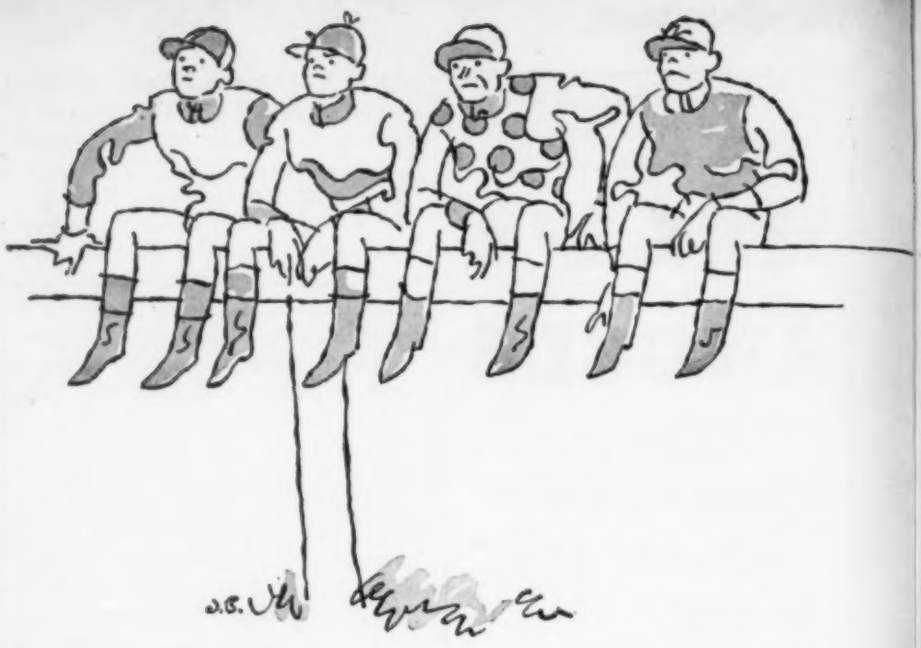
where richard arlen, rising from the sea in paramount's "sea god" does not like triton "blow his wreathed" but rings instead, a diving belle—it's all very interesting. at the organ is jesse crawford—in all way consistent

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE RACE TRACK

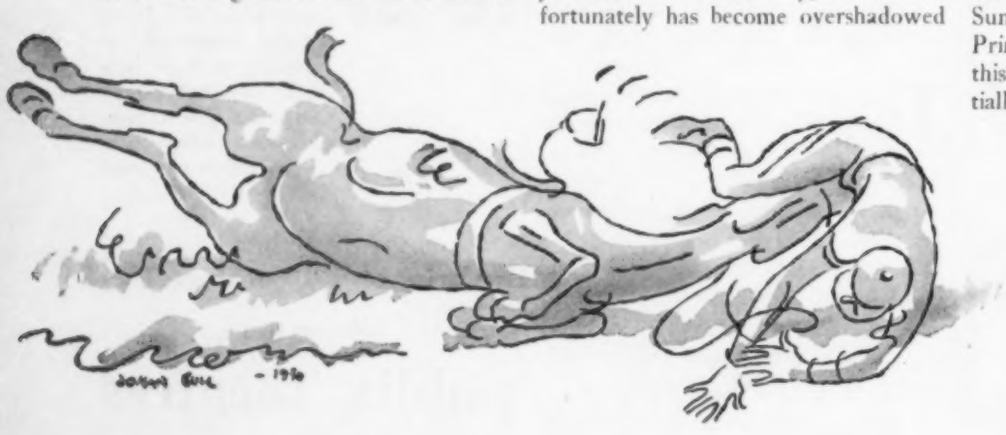
An Old Custom — Belmont Park Welcomes — Thais Makes Her Bow



RACING folk are 1–10 in my book for the Great Handshaking Stakes, Rotarians and politicians the field. The hearty handclasp is conventional, and expected, when congratulating a fortunate owner, trainer, or jockey, or even when consoling a fellow-punter who has backed the last odds-on favorite that finished second. It never ends there, though. You leave Saratoga Saturday evening, and at Belmont Park Monday afternoon it's just like Old Home Week or the Cunard Line pier. Everybody shakes hands with everybody else; even the cashiers shake hands with you. You may not be glad to see them, but after all it's just an old race-track custom. Several men I know have made it a game, like Beaver. They see how many people they can shake hands with in the course of an afternoon. Par, I think, is 113.

HEIGH-HO! Here we are at Belmont Park again, and memories of Saratoga are fading: memories of fat lazy mornings, busy afternoons, and evenings—well, that depended whether you were winner or loser. It's an old story that nobody wins at Saratoga—nobody, I believe, expects to—but I think backers fared rather worse than usual. There are times when even the most experienced racegoer doesn't know what to make of things. I daresay a number of the surprises that punctuated the meeting were nothing more than the failure of horses not cleverly placed in races. The art of placing horses consists in running them in their proper class at the distance that suits them best. When that is done there is a more reasonable chance for success. Other horses to one side, however, I believe we all forgot that most consistent of all performers: The Kitty, by Sure Thing out of Copper Lined, she by Moral Certainty.

IT is pleasant to be back at Belmont, and while the meeting is longer this year, it is still all too short. Mr. Widener keeps adding little refining touches every season, and the other tracks suffer by comparison. This weekend we shall see the Champagne Stakes, one of the oldest races for two-year-olds in the country, which unfortunately has become overshadowed by richer events; and the Lawrence Realization Stakes, for three-year-olds, at one mile and five furlongs, our counterpart of the St. Leger Stakes; and I believe jumpers will have a public trial in the Brook Steeplechase for the Grand National, a week hence.



I DARESAY Gallant Fox will add the Lawrence Realization Stakes to his spoils, though at this moment I do not know whether Gallant Knight will venture east, or wait for a meeting on his home ground. William Woodward has made no definite plan of campaign for his colt beyond the Jockey Club Gold Cup on the last day of the Belmont Park meeting, but recently he told me that he would like to run Gallant Fox for the Latonia Championship Stakes: obviously to remove any doubt that Gallant Knight might have been unlucky in the Arlington Classic Stakes.

I BELIEVE we saw the best two-year-old filly of the year the closing week at Saratoga. I am thinking of Harry Whitney's Thais. She is a charming, well-made bay daughter of Sun Briar and Afternoon, she by Prince Palatine-Matinee, and while this lineage may be for speed essentially, her half-brother, The Nut, won the Lawrence Realization and Latonia Championship Stakes last year. It was no secret that she was considered better than Panasette by her stable. She ran to expectations, too, for after getting away badly in a big field she went about her task like a racehorse and smothered opposition. It might be well to re-

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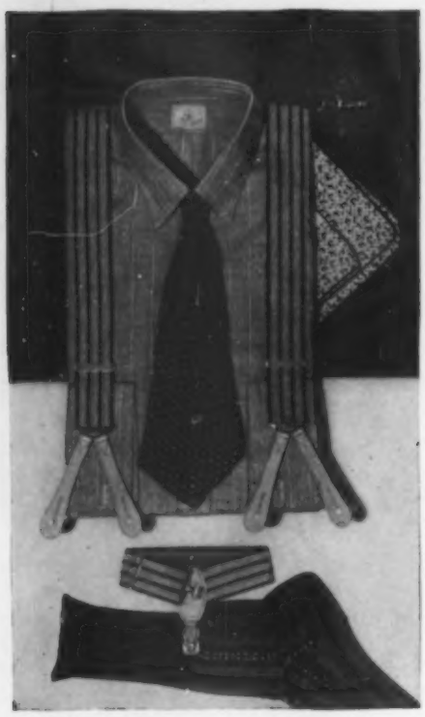
But all of us cannot call "Jeeves"



You'll remember Jeeves, the invaluable valet of P. G. Wodehouse fame. How his cold eye froze the Hon. Bertie's slightest essay at a color riot. Good old Jeeves! But most of us poorer mortals must still depend upon our own efforts to secure the proper color ensembles. Hence you will welcome this bit of news about Pioneer's latest style achievement.

For Pioneer, in working out the color and pattern harmonies for Pioneer Braces, Belts and Brighton Garters, arrived at their designs and shades from actual possession of the items featured this Fall by leading producers of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, hose, shoes and even cuff-links.

(Above) Imported grey madras shirt with bare suggestion of a white pencil stripe. Blue and silver Spitalfields silk scarf with blue and white French print handkerchief. Then the soft ease of grey French lisle sox, brightened by hand-embroidered grey and white clox. Braces by Pioneer of black, white and red striping, with Brighton Garters to blend in all good humor.

member Follow Thru, the colt by Epinard for whom Mary Crawford gave thirty-six thousand dollars as a yearling, who finished close to Thais; and the Honourable George thinks that Joe Widener's Priory, a half-brother to Curate, is worth a modest flutter.

THE MORNING LINE: James Rowe, Jr., will train the Greentree Stable's flat runners next season. . . . W. S. Kilmer changed trainers three times at Saratoga. . . . Nick the Greek spent the meeting on the wrong side of Broadway. . . . Ouija, our white rat, picked six winners one afternoon. . . . Earl Sande forgot an engagement to ride Joe Widener's Novelist in order to fly west. . . . Lester Doctor says it's Comic. . . . Pete Bostwick has taken up steeplechasing. . . . For our part we are in favor of tissue-paper saddle-cloths. —AUDAX MINOR

•

TO AN ADDING MACHINE

I hail you, I greet you,
So shiny and clean!
Enchanted to meet you,
Computing machine!

In mute admiration
I stand as you make
That long calculation
Without one mistake!

As figures are something,
I've always opined,
To busy a dumb thing
But never a mind,

My inner reactions
Are all I could crave:
Go juggle your fractions,
You robot, you slave!

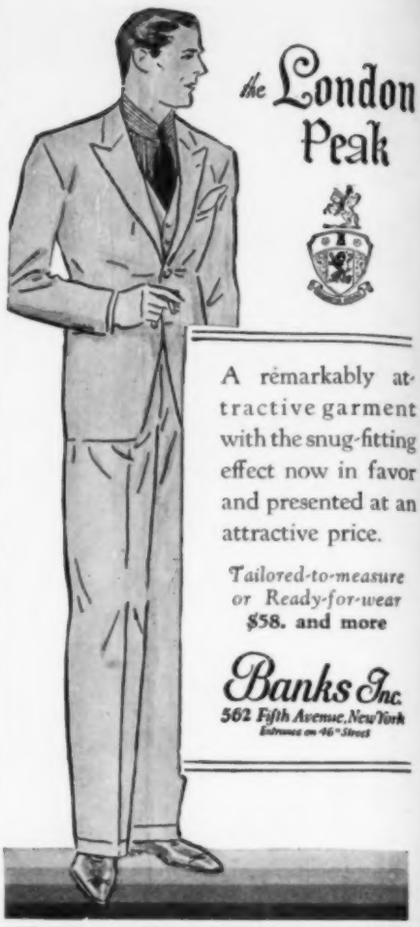
With deft acrobatics
Avenging my wrongs,
You put Mathematics
Just where it belongs!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

•

Reciprocating stimulatory friction of articulate parts to express emotion postulates adaptive acquisition, consequent on assumed integumental tendency under attrition to determine a smooth undulatory surface, and propagation by hereditary transmission, supposing the theory applicable.—*From "Insect Variety," by A. H. Swinton.*

Heigh-ho! it's applicable enough.



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THE TENNIS COURTS

Longwood Doubles — Youngsters from the Coast—Heir Apparent

OF all the lawn-tennis tournaments that it is my fate to attend each year, none gives me as much real pleasure as the National Doubles Championships at the Longwood Cricket Club, in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. No tournament is better conducted. Here the mechanics of preparation which the spectators seldom see or think of never creak; match succeeds match in regular order upon that groomed turf. You are not perched atop some huge stadium, but sit in low wooden stands close to the greensward, where you can study each shot. This is lawn tennis as it should be.

The spectators seem to realize it, for they throng about the enclosure in great numbers; and the players pay their tribute to this atmosphere of true sport by giving their best. This year, moreover, their best was extremely good—better doubles than I witnessed at the French championships in Paris, or during the fortnight at Wimbledon. In neither of those tournaments was there a doubles match with the furiously sustained hitting which was a feature of the Longwood semifinals, in which Gregory Mangin and Berkeley Bell went to defeat before John Van Ryn and Wilmer Allison. Nor did I see, either at Paris or Wimbledon, any match with a display of strategy which could equal that shown in the victory of George Lott and John Doeg over Ellsworth Vines and Keith Gledhill of California.

The men gaining the quarter-finals, incidentally, included the entire Davis Cup team—Allison, Van Ryn, Lott, Doeg, Tilden, Mangin, and Bell—a tribute to the accurate seeding of the committee at Longwood as well as to the skill of the Davis Cup Committee. Rarely do actual results agree so well with arbitrary classifications based on form. Last week both of the Davis Cup doubles teams, Lott and Doeg, and Allison and Van Ryn, reached the final round.

THIS was the first big doubles championships in which Vines and Gledhill have competed; and they kept

MEN WHO KNOW FACES *prescribe it*

"You never can tell by the way they're sheared when you're separatin' sheep from goats," says "Camera-Eye" Carey, seer of central station. "Take it from me, a Valet shave can make a pickpocket look like a Park Avenue promoter."

* * * * * *

Take a tip from men who know when you want the lowdown on razor blade quality. Get the facts at headquarters. The new Valet is first choice of experts the nation over. Metallurgists—dermatologists—steel and skin men everywhere—say this blade has no equal for quality and performance. They've tested the Valet themselves—given it the third degree—voted it first on every count. Fall in line with the world's most discriminating class of shavers. Slip a new Valet blade into the handy Valet AutoStrop Razor and prove that there is such a thing as shaving comfort.

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At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

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BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

the Wimbledon winners uneasy until the tenth game of the fifth set, proof enough of their ability and courage.

The victory of Allison and Van Ryn was due simply to more experience, to greater steadiness in the critical moments of the match. The two youngsters from the Coast threw terrific service-power into action, and smashed and volleyed throughout like seasoned players. At the net they were superb. Off the ground, however, they were less impressive, and toward the end it seemed to me that both began to miss a great many service returns. In fact their ground strokes did not stand up well under pressure. If Gledhill gets very far in the National Singles Championships, it will certainly not be on the strength of his ground shots.

THE star at Longwood was a member of a defeated team—Sidney B. Wood, the slender boy who was victorious at Sea Bright and Southampton. This youngster is Tilden's successor; not merely on the courts but also, I venture to guess, in the hearts of the crowd. He has that undefinable quality, color; he makes shots at critical moments such as no one but Tilden makes; and he possesses besides one of the essential attributes of genius—an ability to pull off the right shot at the right minute. This agile youth thinks as rapidly as he acts; he has the mental reflexes of a Cochet or a Borotra. Here, indeed, is the stuff of greatness. Nor do I think he will be spoilt in the molding, either.

WOOD ought to do well in the Singles Championships; so too should Frank Shields, another youngster who has improved this year. I will play safe, however, and pick Mr. Tilden as the winner of the biggest tennis event of the year. At Longwood the master was slightly incapacitated; he hobbled about the court like a wounded police dog; but nothing interfered with his stroking or his ability to make amazing shots when points counted. I am going to lay my money on Mr. Tilden—in spite of all the youngsters of genius. —JOHN R. TUNIS

•

Peanut Butter and Pickle Sandwich

4 tablespoonfuls peanut butter
2 tablespoonfuls chopped sour pickles

Pour over cracked ice. Add grape juice and water. Stir until well mixed.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Then turn on your heel and walk away.

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THE DADA CITY—III

VOICES AT UNION SQUARE

THERE are (every day there (are there?) are) there every day tens of, I mean hundreds of, thousands THOUSANDS of (men women: hurrying the tall man the fat women the gray (face as if crackling) the two and in shawls. He has a long nose rooting in a brownish beard and all (hurrying) their feet freckling the sidewalk. It is like a boardwalk: the holiday glitter of a Nedick's stand and across the street the open park-space (oceanlike) dilates the air. Pausing by the subway the newsstand the sleek pale young man but (an eye like a burnt match, as) everyone else: the men the (women?) men) women hurrying past the windows belching BARGAIN $100,000.00 CLOSING OUT ENTIRE STOCK BIG SALE SILK HOSE SPECIAL FORCED to SELL to MOVE to CUT PRICES IN HALF: BIG SALE AT F. & W. GRAND 5–10–25–50–74–86–99–$1.09–$1.34 is too much. Let's go see what they have at Klein's. MONEY BACK within FIVE DAYS.

"Hello babe—"

"HOW much is that *Art Lovers Camera Studies* I'll take a *Collier's*—" The pale young man has bought a *Collier's*. He turns away and (the three egglike men slowly walking talking earnestly the man in the blue suit with the lady in the fur coat) the four girls skittering chattering.

"Cmon Mae—"

"Elissn Mae wadja Ma say wen ya cmin lass niyut—?"

"Less get across a street ssa guy follin us—"

(Like peanut brittle laughing) chattering: and the sleek young man, his eye like a burnt match (but a spark gleaming).

"*Wad she say Mae—?*"

HIGH over the roofs the Consolidated Gas Company has hung a columned temple like a picture on the wall: a picture too high for one to reach to straighten it and it is swaying. There is a lesson there.

There is a lesson in that sudden silence when the red light halts the crosstown traffic, and the trolley tracks, worn but smiling, gaze up placidly at the sun: when the Painless Dentist sign peering down from the second-story window sees only four girls chattering, glancing back and laughing, crossing the drained-empty street; and a pale young man, houndlike grinning, following them.

There is a lesson there for you and for me, but (you on the sidewalk) you are hurrying. You hurry your way. I'll hurry my way. I am hurrying after that man with the thin sleek face: he is following those girls and the girls are splitting up at the corner. Two going uptown and one going downtown. The fat girl is standing there, waiting for the lights to change.

(*"Hello babe—"*)

IT was just as if he had dropped there, just as if slowly dropping out of the sky:

down past OLD GOLDS—

down past Ida's Beauty Parlor—

down past College of BALL ROOM Dancing—

down past PROPPER's Sample Shoes—

down past Chop Suey—

down past DIAMONDS—

down past Pineapple Drink—

As if (as she afterward said) he had dropped right out of the sky and there he was standing smiling where they all were standing watching her. (We had all been watching her. Maybe in a few years she would be too fat but now her legs were plump beneath her blue skirt, her eyes glancing behind long lashes: now for two minutes (while the lights were red in Fourteenth Street) she would be beautiful. She ignored us.) We watched her and from up and down Fourth Avenue clicking shuttling past (like Time overtaking itself: in each a man with his watch in his hand) the taxicabs.

No man, no woman could hope to breast that current: like a dainty maiden helpless at the river's brim she stood on the curbstone and he with his smile his glowing eyes, beside her. Faintly, over the flowing street, came music from a radio store. The sky was blue. It was quarter to one by the Central Savings Bank clock; five minutes past by the Gas Company. It was the time for love.

She smiled.

He smiled.

"Hello babe—"

LITTLE girl, you're beautiful. You're NEAT. Your drowsy caterpillar eyes, lazily waving long lashes at me. Your lips. Your nose powdered white, like a little snow-mound between your china-red cheeks. You're SWEET. I like your tight little hat. Your clinking glass bracelets. The pink-and-blue whoopee socks you wear on your FEET. You can't be BEAT. You're the one girl I've wanted to MEET. Let's go take a bus ride. An all-alone-with-us ride. Let's go to a movie or something.

"Cmon babe—"

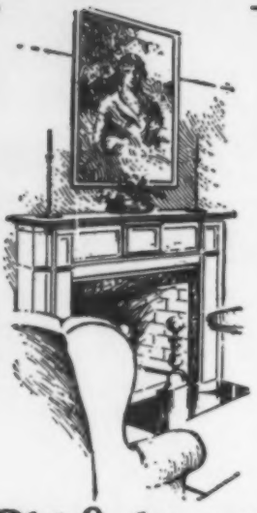
THAT was the last we saw of them: he squeezing her arm and guiding her across the street perhaps to the Academy of Music or the Tango Palace or perhaps the Irving Place BURLESK Big Double Bill as (the lights changing) the clicking course of the taxis slowing, halting: but I have discovered something. I will tell you or the Editor of the *Graphic*. Sir: It is a small matter but I have discovered that it is not Time clicking overtaking itself as the taxis race up Fourth Avenue but instead a loose manhole cover at the corner of Fourteenth Street. It is a small matter but as each taxi reaches the corner its course almost inevitably is such that one front and one rear wheel pass over this manhole cover, producing a sound, thus: "Kla-*kling*, kla-*kling*." It is a small matter in itself but one which when kept up constantly can I assure you drive men mad and may already have done so. Cannot the city keep its manhole covers in order? —ROBERT M. COATES

•

SKY SEINE

A moon like a silver minnow
Is caught in the elm tree's net.
The blowing sky flows through the snare
Nor tangles there; the wet
Foam of cloud floats over,
The swirling stars swim free;
The woven branches' windy web
From night's deep sea
Dips only this small minnow moon
That curving bright
Slips suddenly between the boughs
And dives from sight.

—JEAN BATCHELOR



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TELL ME ALL ABOUT EUROPE

I HAD only been back from abroad a day or two when some friends of mine invited me to dinner—to tell all about what I had seen and done in Europe. My hostess began almost before we sat down: "How did you like Paris? How long did you stay in Venice? Did you have much trouble about your baggage?"

"Well," I began, "once when I was travelling on a train in Germany, I discovered that in my excitement I had thrown away my trunk receipt. So I . . ."

"Yes, that's very interesting," she interrupted, "that happened to me once and I rushed up and down the corridor of the train until I met a man wearing some kind of uniform. I talked to him for about fifteen minutes in the most dreadful German and tried to drag him back to the baggage car to show him my trunk. When I was all through and simply exhausted, he clicked his heels and bowed and said he was sorry he couldn't do anything to help me because he was only an Olympic team star. And he was, my dear! When we got to Frankfort, he was greeted by the whole town and carried off in a whirl of flowers, speeches, and cheers. Imagine my embarrassment!"

"That's very amusing," I said, "and when I found my receipt was gone, I . . ."

"And did you get to Vienna?" she went on. "I hope you didn't miss the Renaissance Bar—I tell you there's nothing like it anywhere. They've got the best gypsy orchestra in Europe. Why, that music had me crying into my Moselle. And the night I was there, the leader of the orchestra—he plays the violin, you know—came up to my table, and he looked at me—well, you know how, until the man I was

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with said: 'What'll I do? Sock him on the jaw, or ask him to join the party?' Then we went to another . . ."

AT this point she was interrupted by her husband.

"How did you like Italy?" he said to me.

"Italy and England are my favorite countries," I began firmly, "and when I go back . . ."

"Well, Italy's mine too," he broke in. "No place like it—I always go back to Italy. Where did you go in Italy?"

"Oh, Venice, Florence, Rome . . ."

"What's your favorite wine?"

"Orvieto. We used to . . ."

"*Orvieto!* You darling, it's mine too. Gee, but Orvieto brings back memories. Why, do you know what happened to me once? Did I ever tell you? It seems I went to a party one night in Rome and got terribly tight on Orvieto—you know how tight you can get on that stuff. Well, I had come to the party in a dinner coat and I was carrying a stick. When I went home it was raining like hell so the hostess gave me an umbrella. The next day I met a friend of mine on the street. He looked at me kind of funny. 'Did you walk home in the rain last night?' he said. 'I guess I did,' I said. 'Why?' 'Well,' he said, 'you were the funniest sight. When I saw you you had the umbrella tucked under your arm and you were holding your cane over your head.'"

WHEN the laughter died down, I tried to tell him about an interesting girl I'd met abroad and he said: "That's nothing. I travelled with a kleptomaniac all over Europe and didn't know it. Before he left he stole a suit, thirty dollars, and my platinum-and-gold cufflinks."

"I lost my letter of credit and all my cash in Venice," I volunteered, "and I was trying to send a cable home collect when . . ."

"I know, I was dead broke in Paris once and the American consul wouldn't do anything for me so I . . ."

They were raving on when I slipped out unnoticed. They're probably still at it. —MILDRED HARRIS

•

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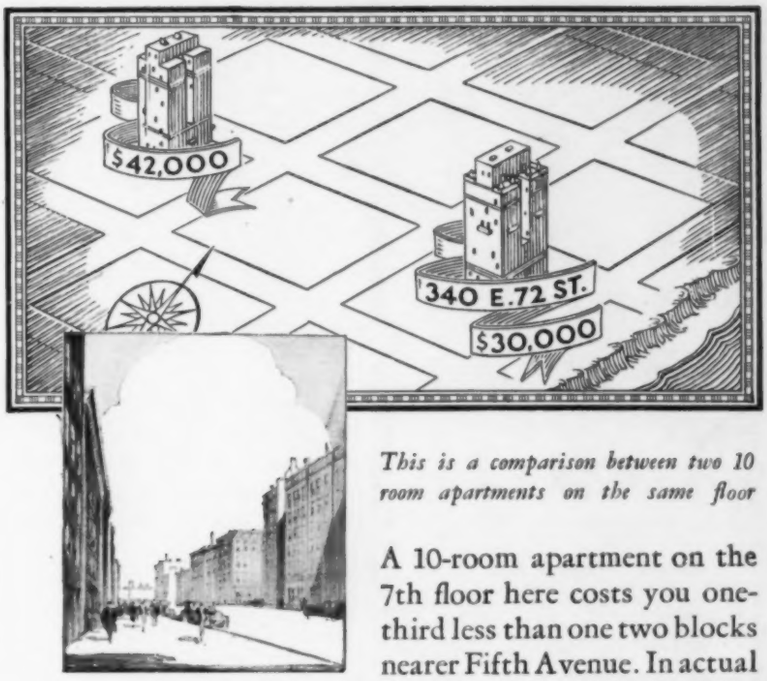

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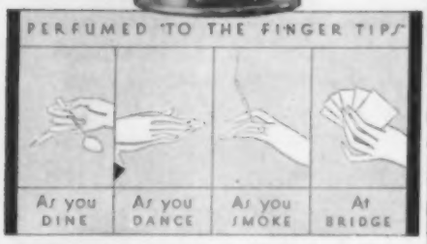

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RECENT BOOKS

Lush Days—J. P.—London Office — The Bar Sinister

READING "The Edwardians," by Miss V. Sackville-West, is like opening an old trunk in the attic and finding it filled with the luscious, abundant, and ridiculous dresses of twenty-five years ago; you will, if you are sentimental about the shifting of manners and modes, shed a few tears over the boned bodices, the petticoats, and dust ruffles of an era that lived a short life but a merry one.

For Miss Sackville-West's book is a gleaming, smart satire on the lush and brilliant days of Edward VII, more particularly of the "fast" set that clustered around the throne. In the comparatively short interval between Victoria and George, the gay blades—and bladesses—of London had a brief fling of drawing-room wickedness in spite of the disapproval of the passing Victorians and the disdain of the rising Georgians. It is of this artificial, shallow, but engaging set that Miss Sackville-West writes—and she warns you in advance that none of her characters is entirely fictitious.

In her gallery of portraits Miss Sackville-West centres especially on the person of a young duke, the master of the great estate of Chevron. Chevron, of course, is Miss Sackville-West's own Knole, with its seven acres of roof. The young duke makes a gallant start in the fashionable world by becoming the lover of his mother's best friend, a reigning beauty. The beauty's husband, after years of complacency, finally Learns All and casts his wife into exile. Ladies, in those days, were banished by the mere threat of being found out. Whereupon the duke turns to the pretty, middle-class wife of a doctor who, in a scene that is beautifully and touchingly written, refuses him for no better reason than that she prefers her staid husband to the uncertainties of a liaison.

THE novel has one of the best final chapters I ever have read. To do it justice, it really should be read to Sir Edward Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance." The duke attends the coronation of George V and immediately after the ceremony leaps from his ancient coach of state to leave England in the entourage of an explorer.

Miss Sackville-West's great wit is finely balanced by her sense of beauty; these ladies of the "fast" set are useless but superbly ornamental. Her satire is tempered by a sense of justice; the players in her comedy of manners are superficial but not dull. Nor does she allow the faintest trace of intellectual snobbery or pedantic realism to mar her feeling for the brave and pathetic pageantry of an age that came to a swift, untimely end.

JOHN K. WINKLER presents the third of his series of American princes in "Morgan the Magnificent." Evidently Mr. Winkler found Mr. Morgan a tougher subject than either Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Hearst. Mr. Morgan was designed on the grand scale and the tapestry of his life was unmarred by pixie eccentricities; Mr. Winkler is forced to survey him with awe, to approach him on tiptoe. Even in those chapters which describe the frenzied finance of railroad-stock juggling, Mr. Morgan looms as a gentleman among gamblers.

Morgan's dislike of publicity and his good taste in his selection of his intimates built a barrier around him that even Mr. Winkler had difficulty in penetrating. While the Rockefeller legends are numerous and the Hearst stories are endless, there are few available anecdotes about Morgan. He was protected by an inner warmth and by an innate generosity that saved him from gossiping or disgruntled friends. Of all Mr. Winkler's anecdotes, I liked best his account of the founding of the Lying-In Hospital, a story which surely belongs among the great romantic legends of New York.

J. B. PRIESTLEY's new novel, "Angel Pavement," is probably a less worthy effort than his "The Good Companions," but I liked it better. Mr. Priestley, you know, writes in the rich, fruit-cake style of English tradition; he is in the Dickens school—and sometimes too conscious of it. Mr. Priestley, in short, has a tendency to grow whimsical, and when, as in "The Good Companions," he becomes smitten with the quaintness of the English countryside, his mellowness is a little overwhelming.

"Angel Pavement" is a story of London and of a mean little office in a dank and grubby street. The book—a thick, wordy book—is saved from garrulous-

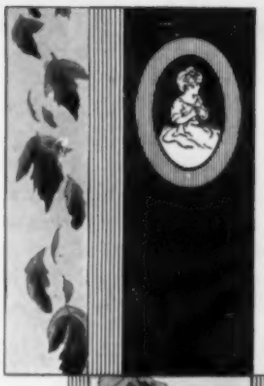
ness by a really excellent central idea. The author shows you how a shabby office is made interesting and alive by the presence of a colorful adventurer and how the lives of all the clerks and typists are illumined, briefly and pitifully, by the chance encounter with a fascinating fellow.

Mr. Priestley's pictures of London office life are rather anguishing; he can give you a description of a clerk on his night out that will wring your heart. Like Dickens—and you really are obliged to compare him with Dickens—he has vast tenderness for the hopelessly mediocre, for the muddled, and for the embittered. Sometimes, too, he writes trenchant and sound criticisms of modern life—as for instance his description of a bookkeeper baffled by the irrelevancies and trivialities of modern journalism, and his picture of a clerk faintly annoyed by the synthetic eroticism of a Hollywood movie.

"THE GENTLEMAN FROM AMERICA" has a dashing idea—a pretty and teasing idea. This novel purports to be the romance of Temple Franklin, natural son of a natural son of Benjamin Franklin. As secretary to his grandfather, the young Franklin seeks to continue in France the illustrious family tradition of illegitimacy. Mr. Polan Banks succeeds in staging a neat little costume play with historical characters prancing through the pages making authentic epigrams. The book is gay, a little young, and not quite plausible, in spite of its superficial historical accuracy. But I, for one, doubt if even an illegitimate Franklin would have been foresighted enough to talk of inferiority complexes.

CHARLES G. NORRIS, in "Seed," goes crusading for birth control and is very dull about it. If you can stand great hunks of arid writing for the sake of a noble cause, maybe you will be able to read "Seed." Mr. Norris, of course, centres his attack on the Catholic Church, which will probably give the book a reputation for being sensational, just as if attacking the Catholic Church were not one of the oldest and most futile occupations in the world.

HOWEVER, there are brighter things to talk about: William Edwin Rudge is inaugurating a series of books called "The Spirit of America." The first volume is devoted to Currier & Ives prints, and for only $2.25 you may have eight beautiful color



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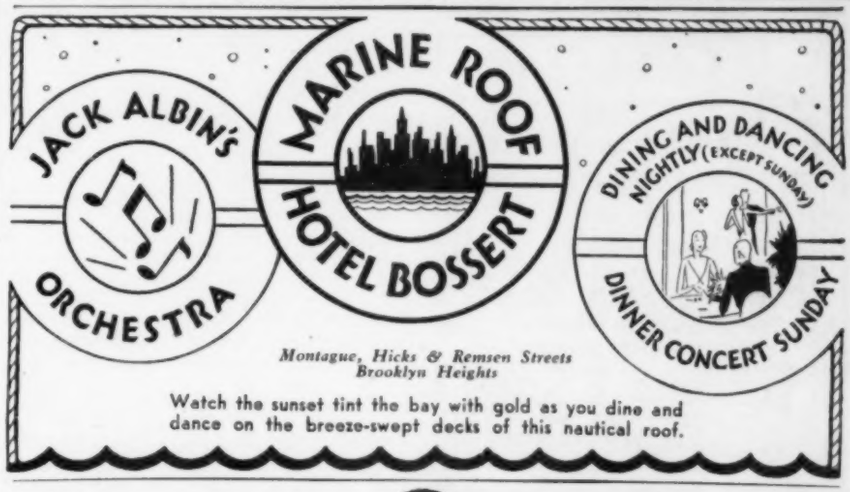

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reproductions. One of them alone—"A Night Race on the Mississippi"—is worth twice the money.

Rudge is also presenting a Master Draughtsmen Series with Michelangelo leading the list. Please don't confuse this with Great Works of Great Artists or anything so trite. There are splendid reproductions of studies in pen, ink, and chalk, and will be helpful to young artists. —A. W. S.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The Edwardians, by V. Sackville-West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Witty and exquisitely written satire on the "fast set" of King Edward VII's reign.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley (*Harper*). Life in a London office, presented in the Dickens manner.

The Gentleman from America, by Polan Banks (*Cape & Smith*). A grandson of Ben Franklin, by the left hand, goes in for French romance. Pretty costume piece.

The Family, by François Mauriac, translated by Lewis Galantière (*Covici-Friede*). Really two novels: "The Kiss to the Leper" and "Genitrix." A work of enduring quality.

The Trap, by Delfino Cinelli (*John Day*). Adroitly written melodrama of the Tuscan hills.

Strangers May Kiss, by Ursula Parrott (*Cape & Smith*). Love and its biological consequences set forth in a novel that is sometimes good and sometimes awful.

Sanatorium, by D. Stewart (*Harper*). Tragic novel of life in a tuberculosis cure.

Parties, by Carl Van Vechten (*Knopf*). A good writer falls a victim of the speakeasy school of literature.

The Triumphant Footman, by Edith Olivier (*Viking*). Completely ridiculous and entirely amusing fantastic satire.

American Girl, by John R. Tunis (*Brewer & Warren*). Exploring the life of a wonder girl of tennis.

French Leave, by Jeannette Phillips Gibbs (*Little, Brown*). Some wise writing on the subject of Marriage vs. Freedom.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes (*Houghton Mifflin*). If you like the Gay Nineties background, you will find this story of a woman's life good reading.

Not Without Laughter, by Langston Hughes (*Knopf*). Exceptionally fine novel of Negro life.

Rhododendron Pie, by Margery Sharp (*Appleton*). Light, clever story of a family of elegant aesthetes.

Doctor Serocold, by Helen Ashton (*Doubleday, Doran*). The drama in the day of a country doctor. Cheerfully recommended.

The Patriot's Progress, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A superior writer turns to the war and achieves one of the best war novels.

Mitsou, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). In which a great French novelist writes beautifully and truthfully about a war romance.

Button Hill, by Gordon Stowell (*R. R. Smith*). The drama of Suburbia, wisely and amusingly presented.

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nam). More than another war book: the record of a British private, told with solid literary style.

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ENFANTS TERRIBLES, by Jean Cocteau (*Brewer & Warren*). In which two children enact a Greek drama. A book to haunt you.

MYSTERIES

THE THRILL OF EVIL, by H. Ashton-Wolfe (*Houghton Mifflin*).... A BOOK OF MURDER, by Frederick Irving Anderson (*Dutton*). . . . IS NO ONE INNOCENT?, by Milton Herbert Gropper and Edna Sherry (*Cosmopolitan*).... THE UNFORESEEN, by J. C. Snaith (*Appleton*).... HALF-MAST MURDER, by Milward Kennedy (*Crime Club*). . . . THE FOUR ARMOURERS, by Francis Beeding (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE BACKSTAGE MYSTERY, by Octavus Roy Cohen (*Appleton*). . . . THE GREEN JADE HAND, by Harry Stephen Keeler (*Dutton*). . . . THE MYSTERY AT NEWTON FERRY, by Laurence Meynell (*Lippincott*). . . . MURDER IN MANHATTAN, by Arthur Proctor (*Morrow*).

GENERAL

MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT, by John K. Winkler (*Vanguard*). A candid biographer surveys with awe America's greatest prince.

BARON FRITZ, by Karl Federn (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The adventures of a witty and intelligent German officer. An unusually good war book.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL, by R. L. Duffus (*Longmans, Green*). Excellent history of an ancient American trade route.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, by Stefan Zweig (*Viking*). Exposing the soul of a politician.

WATER AND GOLD, by Lewis Stanton Palen and Charles G. Hedlund (*Dutton*). Seafaring, and gold-mining in Africa, with adventures that are plausible but thrilling.

LONE COWBOY, by Will James (*Scribner*). The autobiography of a cowboy and artist. Recommended.

THE OUTLAW YEARS, by Robert M. Coates (*Macaulay*). The art of murder and robbery on the Southern frontier in the early nineteenth century.

OSCAR WILDE: HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS, by Frank Harris (*Covici-Friede*). New edition of a fine biography.

A BRASS HAT IN NO MAN'S LAND, by Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier (*Cape & Smith*). A general speaks out of turn and tells the truth.

PAUL ROBESON, NEGRO, by Eslanda Goode Robeson (*Harper*). In which a wife writes a touching and charming biography of her gifted husband.

THE LIFE AND MIND OF EMILY DICKINSON, by Genevieve Taggard (*Knopf*). New and important facts about the poet. The book is exquisitely written.

BLACK MANHATTAN, by James Weldon Johnson (*Knopf*). Readable, informative, and sane history of the Negro in New York.

ROOSEVELT: THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP, by Owen Wister (*Macmillan*). A friend's wise and sympathetic study of a great man. With some new and unconventional anecdotes about the liveliest family that ever occupied the White House.

MARY GLADSTONE: HER DIARIES AND LETTERS, edited by Lucy Masterman (*Dutton*). Great names and great events shrewdly and wittily described by a charming Victorian.

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